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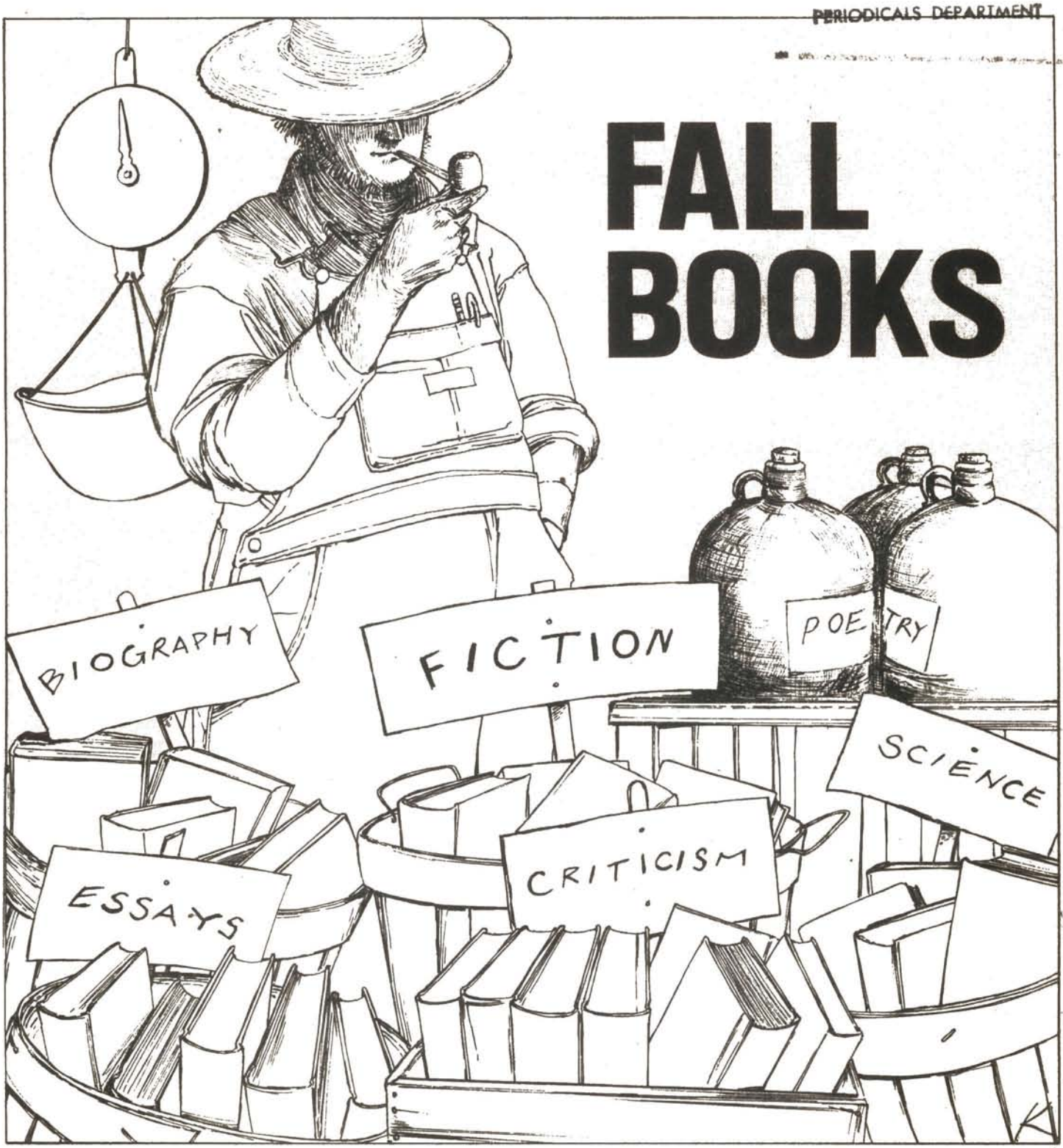

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LETTERS.

A.C.L.U. ON LIBEL

New York City

The November 5 *Nation* properly noted that the New York Civil Liberties Union considers all libel laws to be inconsistent with the First Amendment ["Letters"].

To avoid confusion, readers should know that while opposing all defamation actions arising from speech relating to matters of public concern, the American Civil Liberties Union does not oppose such actions brought by private individuals not involved in a public matter. In those cases, the A.C.L.U. favors compensatory (not punitive) damages if the plaintiff proves by clear and convincing evidence that the statement was made with knowledge of its falsity or with reckless disregard of its truth or falsity.

We believe that this policy properly protects both the rights of free speech and the legitimate interests of private individuals.

Norman Dorsen
President, A.C.L.U.

AN EXPERIENCE IN RUSSIA

Mamaroneck, N.Y.

At this dark moment in the relationship between our country and the Soviet Union, following the tragic destruction of the Korean airliner, I would like to let people know of a quite different experience my wife, Florence, and I recently had during our first visit to that country as part of a peace and friendship tour.

Sponsored by *The Nation* and *The Churchman*, the tour, in which some 200 Americans participated, included a ten-day cruise on the Volga with stopovers and opportunities to meet residents of several cities. It was an extraordinarily interesting and impressive experience.

On August 11, shortly before we were to return to the United States, I suffered an apoplectic stroke in the lobby of the hotel where we had lunch. While my speech was impaired only briefly, my left arm and leg became paralyzed.

I was taken by ambulance to the neurological clinic of the October Hospital, located in a heavily wooded park in the center of Kiev. Early the next morning, Intourist (the government tourist agency) moved Florence to a hotel near the hospital. It also notified the American Embassy in Moscow of my situation, and embassy representatives promptly telephoned Florence to offer to contact relatives, help arrange transportation and do whatever else they could.

The furnishings of the clinic were simple, if not primitive or crude by American standards. There was no stainless steel, no TV, radio gadgetry, modern design or the tidiness with which we are familiar. The sheets were of coarse muslin, the blankets of very heavy wool, the pillows large and filled with feathers. These discouraging physical surroundings gave no clue to the superb quality of the care I was to receive.

The clinic director, Galina Semorovna, is a distinguished doctor who has participated in many medical conferences in Western Europe and Latin America (but never in the United States). She is as elegant and efficient as she is beautiful. She checked on me several times a day and often on weekends. She was regularly accompanied by two or three doctors, all of whom took part in the examinations.

By another fortunate circumstance, an ambulatory patient during my twenty-three-day stay was an English teacher at the Kiev Teachers Training Institute, Antonina Chernova, who immediately became my full-time interpreter, guide and beloved friend. Florence and I were no longer dependent on the part-time interpreters whom Intourist made available.

Through Nina, we were able to talk with Galina, the other doctors, nurses and health care workers about their and our life, children, education, cost and style of living, concern for peace and the dilemma of our times: How and to what extent individual rights may be restricted in the interest of the common good?

"How can you live in a big house while homeless people have to live in the streets?" or "How can you live in a society where free medical care is not available?" they wanted to know.

"How can you live in a society where the government decides what books you may read, what you can see in the movies and on television and what you may buy?" we asked. And so it went for hours.

One morning, after Nina had explained to Galina the meaning of the phrase "as American as apple pie," which I had used, Galina came in with her home-baked version of such a pie. While it was not recognizable as an American apple pie, it was a very good apple cake, which we thoroughly enjoyed. After I had described myself as a "spoiled capitalist," the nurses brought flowers to make me feel at home.

We had a similar relationship with Dr. Yuri Shurovsky, my internist, a charming, wise and witty man who resembled Gregory Peck. At out first meeting, he told me that for the next three weeks, at least, I was to do nothing "except admire our beautiful Russian women." These were easy orders to follow: most Russian doctors are women and, while the Russians claim that admission to medical school is based solely on "merit," it is evident that they consider beauty an essential ingredient of "merit."

Consultants were called in, including a cardiologist who had for two years been an exchange professor at Johns Hopkins and was a friend of Dr. Paul White, President Eisenhower's physician. All medical decisions were made after the doctors had consulted with one another. Florence and I were given full explanations of their findings and actions.

The nurses were patient, kind and generous. At lights out, they would ask, through Nina, whether there was anything else they could do to make me more comfortable. After the first few days, they began to serve Florence her lunch and dinner at my bedside so that she would not have to walk back to her hotel for meals. When Florence was not there, they wanted to know whether I helped her wash the dishes and make the bed at home. We had lots of fun though they knew no English and I no Russian.

At the beginning of my third week, Galina told us that I would be able to leave Saturday, September 3. Transportation was complicated by President Carter's limits on flights from the Soviet Union: two takeoffs and landings would be necessary, which could have been dangerous for me.

On the morning of my discharge, there was much hugging and kissing and not a few tears. Galina gave Florence a bouquet of long-stemmed roses for "courage" and "devotion" to her *moosh* ("husband"). Someone gave me a bottle of pepper vodka. We had nothing we could give them in return except our gratitude and a promise that we would work for peace and friendship between our countries and for an end to the nuclear arms race, which terrifies them as much as it does us. This letter is the beginning of the fulfillment of that promise.

As a postscript, I must add that Florence's hotel bill was $20 a day, minus a credit for the unused portion of our tour. My medical care was not free: I was charged $29 a day because neither of us is "a citizen of any socialist country." This included doctors' fees and medications. When I told this to a friend who was recently billed $16,000 for two weeks in a New York City hospital, he said to me "You didn't have a stroke; you had a stroke of luck that it happened in Kiev instead of New York."

I think my friend is right. Because of the learning, skill and generosity of the Soviet doctors, I have almost fully recovered the ability to move my arm and leg and I am sure that my recovery will yet be complete. I therefore hope to use my recovered strength to work for an end to the suicidal nuclear arms race and for détente between our country and the Soviet Union. *Harold Cammer*

CORRECTION

In Clayborne Carson's review ["The Red and the Black," *The Nation*, Oct. 29] the title of Robert Weisbrot's book should have read *Father Divine and the Struggle for Racial Equality.*

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EDITORIALS.

Camelot Revisited

On this twentieth anniversary of the assassination of John F. Kennedy, our much-mythologized President, we are being treated to a media bath of reassessment.

ABC News has presented a special two-hour analysis of J.F.K.'s Presidency, and NBC has given us a two-hour docudrama with Martin Sheen starring as the fallen hero. New books by Ralph Martin and Jean Davison, exercises in nostalgia and assassinationology, respectively, conspire to keep us awash in Kennedyana.

It is, we suppose, a harmless diversion and perhaps even a healthy respite—when we are occupying Grenada, "peacekeeping" in Lebanon and doing whatever we are doing in Nicaragua—to take stock of Camelot and consider where charisma stopped and cold war assumptions started, to question how the "pragmatic idealism" of the New Frontier countenanced the Bay of Pigs fiasco abroad and the wiretapping of Martin Luther King Jr. at home, and laid the foundation for the Vietnam War (although whether J.F.K. would have permitted it to escalate into the obscenity it became is an open question). Generally, we should ask what are the lessons of the legacy, so much of it noble, so much of it troubling, so few of its aspirations realized.

We can discern resonances of the issues that marked the Kennedy era in last week's elections. Kennedy, for example,

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overcame the voters' prejudice against a Catholic President, but discrimination based on race and gender persists. The election of Philadelphia's first black mayor is still news, though black mayors hold office in several major cities. In a campaign largely unmarred by overt bigotry, Wilson Goode won handily—not because of the black vote, particularly, but because he was the more competent, more experienced candidate.

Similarly, the election of Martha Layne Collins as Kentucky's first female Governor and the re-election of Mayor Kathy Whitmire in Houston were considered milestones in women's political advancement. The Kentucky race was tinseled with a little Kennedy glamour—a former beauty queen beat a retired ballplayer. In Mississippi, Bill Allain was elected Governor despite charges that he had solicited sex from black men.

But ask not how far we've come; ask how far we have to go. Thanks to the Voting Rights Act, which Lyndon Johnson rammed through, blacks have made major moves toward political power. But the black vote is still waiting for Prince Jackson to awaken it, and blacks are still excluded from power in many American cities. The Administration continues to wage not-so-secret war on the poor, under cover of cutting the budget.

Women's gains in terms of political offices have been minuscule, and who knows when they will occupy city halls, statehouses and local and national legislatures in numbers equal to their proportion of the population. The number of women elected to Congress actually fell in the last election. In New Jersey, the number of women in the state legislature dropped from thirteen to nine in 1981. A woman in politics there suggested that many women are now concentrating on making it in the private sector, and that for the new generation of feminists, political activity still lies down the road. And so women play a broker's role. Like the black vote, the gender gap will haunt Reagan in 1984.

As for homosexuals, their political activism has accelerated. In Mississippi, however, the vote for Allain was a backlash against Republican mendacity rather than an affirmation that one's sexual proclivities are irrelevant to one's worthiness to hold office.

To recite these examples is to highlight the contrasts between the present and the Kennedy era. Say the words "J.F.K. and women" and Judith Campbell Exner comes to mind rather than equal rights; speak of "J.F.K. and blacks" and you summon up a montage from the 1960s depicting blacks attempting to bring their demands before an initially indifferent, politically cautious Administration; mention "J.F.K. and gays" and you summon up remembrances of macho postures by Camelot eggheads bent on proving their "toughness" and virility at home and abroad.

So we *have* come a ways from Camelot. Teddy Kennedy still waits to pull the sword from the stone, but thoughts of a Restoration seem dim now as we watch the youngest brother grow lined and old. The biggest fallacy of the Camelot myth was, however, its narcissistic infatuation with youth. The liveliest candidate on the political scene is Ronald Reagan, who is older than J.F.K. would be had he lived.

Oddly, there are parallels as well as contrasts between the policies of the Reagan Administration and those of the Kennedy Administration: for example, tax-cutting as the road to prosperity (renamed supply-side economics). And the imperial Presidency that Jack Kennedy experimented with has a full-blown champion in Reagan. J.F.K. trumpeted the missile gap and later ordered a massive nuclear arms buildup; Reagan warned about a "window of vulnerability" and has stepped up the arms race. "Let us negotiate from superiority" has replaced "let us not fear to negotiate." Kennedy was obsessed with restoring America's strength and prestige on the world stage; Reagan, flush from his Grenada coup, commits the nation—at least, rhetorically—to bearing any burden, paying any price to make the world safe for an elite club of right-wing authoritarians.

But we would prefer not to press the analogies between Reagan and Kennedy too far. It is as unfair to condemn J.F.K. for the aborted promise of his 1,000 days as it is to keep alive the glamorous myth with its brilliant hopes. The more fruitful Kennedy-Reagan comparison, if one is needed, is to Joe Kennedy Sr. Old Joe and the President are big-business brothers under the skin. Both made their money in Hollywood, though Kennedy made another pile in the whiskey business. He of course tried to give his money a Boston-Riverdale patina and courted Franklin Roosevelt opportunistically, while Reagan proudly identifies with the Sun Belt New Right rich. Both men believed in the importance of image over substance in politics. Although Joe was a vintage 1930s isolationist and Reagan is an interventionist, they share the same paranoia about the Soviet evil. The torch has indeed been passed—from one generation of reactionaries to the next. It's high time that it be passed to the generation and constituencies represented by some of the winners in last week's elections.

After Arafat

For more than fourteen years, Yasir Arafat, the chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, has owed his survival to his political agility. But backed against the wall in Tripoli, Lebanon, by Syrian and dissident Palestinian forces, Arafat had no place to run. Whether or not he survives, the P.L.O. will enter a new era, one which is certain to be more tumultuous than his was.

Certainly, Arafat's tactical downfall can be attributed to his longstanding enemies—the Israelis, who forced him out of Beirut last year, and the Syrians, who have aided and abetted the Palestinian dissidents. But neither foe can claim responsibility for Arafat's political demise. There, the culprit is Arafat himself. We do not mean here to blame the victim for the crime—the real victims will be the Palestinian people and their right to self-determination. But they have been ill-served by the P.L.O.'s fractured leadership and by a chairman who led by default. In a struggle in which victory can be achieved only in the political arena, Arafat could never make the decision to abandon the battlefield. Thus, he

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allowed the Israelis, the Syrians and his own hard-liners to determine the outcome.

Even before the attack on the Beddawi refugee camp was launched by Syrian-supported P.L.O. rebels, Arafat had accepted a "program for reform" drafted by the P.L.O.'s left wing, as represented by the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The reform program, announced October 16, provides an unequivocal statement of where the P.L.O. is headed after Tripoli. It rejects the Reagan peace plan and the Camp David agreement; it also seems to negate the 1974 "transitional program" by rejecting a Jordanian-Palestinian confederation. Finally, it states that the P.L.O. has a "right" to "escalate the armed struggle against the Zionist enemy from the Jordanian front."

Thus, after the fighting in Tripoli dies down, the Palestinian struggle will focus on the Hussein government in Jordan, returning to where it was prior to the Black September revolt in 1970. Such a strategy suits President Hafez al-Assad of Syria. It would place enormous pressure on King Hussein, leaving Assad free to extend his control over "Greater Syria" in Lebanon. In all of this we have the makings of another Middle East war. Meanwhile, the Reagan Administration is oblivious to this new phase of the Palestinian struggle. When it wakes up, Washington may long for the days when it had Arafat to kick around.

Murdochism Grows

Rupert Murdoch's infection of American journalism, which was once confined to supermarket checkout stands and later largely contained within New York City, is getting out of control. Last year it spread to Boston, where Murdoch bought *The Herald* and made it a replica of his suppurating *New York Post*. Now he has given the Field Brothers—Marshall the Fifth and Frederick, called Ted—$90 million for Chicago's *Sun-Times*, and it is anybody's guess how long it will remain recognizable as a newspaper.

The *Sun-Times* is the Second City's second paper, trailing the *Tribune* in both circulation and advertising revenue. But it still makes a profit (unlike the *Post* and *The Herald*) and it maintains some of its historic clout as a hard-hitting, streetwise, working-class paper with reportorial integrity. "If nothing else," says Abe Peck, onetime editor of a Chicago underground newspaper (*The Seed*) who teaches at Northwestern's Medill School of Journalism, "it keeps the *Tribune* honest."

Murdoch doesn't turn everything he touches into dross, but reportorial honesty is hardly the hallmark of his multinational media empire, now estimated to be worth $1.3 billion. He has not completely ruined *The Times* of London, although he seems to have sharply curtailed its independence. His *Village Voice*, profitable with a circulation of about 155,000, remains fiercely inner-directed, but there's no reason to believe Murdoch will keep his heavy hands off the editorial policy of a big-city daily with significant political clout. He has an urgent right-wing agenda to fulfill, and he is putting together the media network to do the job.

Power to Destroy

National Geographic has nonprofit, tax-exempt status. So do *Ms.*, *Harper's*, *Natural History*, *Smithsonian* and *Science '83*. So did muckraking San Francisco-based *Mother Jones* until August of last year. At that time, the Northern California office of the Internal Revenue Service ruled that the magazine was commercial rather than educational and challenged its tax exemption. The I.R.S.'s finding must have given *Mother Jones*'s business department pause. The magazine lost $500,000 last year, and it has been in the red since its founding in 1976. Losing its nonprofit status would cost the magazine an estimated $200,000 a year in additional postal fees—and would probably put it out of business.

On September 27, the pall hanging over *Mother Jones*'s future lifted a bit. The I.R.S.'s National Appeals Office overruled the local, holding that the magazine's primary purpose is educational and therefore it does not have to pay taxes on subscription revenues. The national office did not rule, however, on the local's decision that proceeds from advertising and subscriber-list rentals are not exempt because they are "unrelated business taxable income." The magazine is fighting this holding, too.

Why was leftish *Mother Jones* singled out for investigation while *National Geographic* et al. were allowed to go their lucrative (in some cases) way, swollen with lushly colored ads? The I.R.S. denies it was engaging in political harassment, but it's still a good question. In the past two years the magazine has run several anti-Reagan articles.

The I.R.S.'s definition of "educational" is rather vague. Among other things, it says, "An organization is not educational if its principal function is the mere presentation of unsupported opinion." This language gives the agency great latitude. Presidents—or their eager satraps—have been known to use the power to tax to destroy, or at least hurt, individuals or groups on an enemies list. The onerous legal fees run up in fighting a tax case (*Mother Jones* says it has spent $150,000) can go a long way toward destabilizing Grenada-sized groups or publications.

Since the I.R.S. decides whether a publication is commercial or educational on a case-by-case basis (the Appeals Office specifically stated that its ruling "may not be used as a precedent"), *Mother Jones*'s lawyers called upon the I.R.S. to "publish a national policy . . . which advises I.R.S. personnel that controversial views per se do not warrant denial or revocation of qualification as an exempt organization." Since the I.R.S. won't act, perhaps Congress should. This Administration's record of harassing advocacy groups, whether by withholding Federal funds or attacking their tax-exempt status, demonstrates the need for some legislative buffers.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

One clue to the causes of the invasion of Grenada can be found in the captured internal minutes of the New Jewel Movement, which show where leftist sectarianism can lead. Another can be found in the pages of the most recent issue of *Conservative Digest.* Published just before the Marines splashed heroically ashore, it is given over to a scathing right-wing critique of Ronald Reagan. He is convicted of all kinds of feebleness, especially in answering the Soviet threat. Patrick Buchanan scornfully refers to "*The New York Times* foreign policy decked out in the rhetorical finery of the *National Review.*" More significantly, Richard Viguerie writes about the fallacy of automatic conservative support for the President. It is not true, he warns, that conservatives have nowhere else to go. He calls for a new candidate or, failing that, a new party. A *Conservative Digest* poll of leading reactionaries shows similar sentiments predominating, and a decline in willingness to give time or money to Reagan's re-election. There is also an ominous map of the world, depicting all the countries that are lost to, or threatened by, Communism. Grenada is listed as lost on the accompanying inventory, one of the nations "taken during the 'Era of Detente.'"

So the President has done some skillful repair work in that quarter. More depressing still, he has managed yet again to coerce and corrupt the wretched Democrats. The abject silence of Walter Mondale has been commented on enough. I wish Democratic Representative Michael Barnes had been as reticent. Returning from a fact-finding trip to Grenada in his capacity as chairman of the House Subcommittee on Western Hemisphere Affairs, he announced he had concluded that the invasion was justified. He cited the position of the American students as the crucial element in his conversion. There are two things to be said here. First, even if the students were in danger, which seems at best arguable, their safety could warrant only a rescue mission. Neither the Israeli commando raid at Entebbe nor the American Desert One mission sought to overthrow the regimes of Uganda or Iran, nasty though they both were. Second, the students said they were relieved to be rescued from the fighting caused by the landing. That is a circular justification—somewhat like invading the island to capture the weapons that were stockpiled to resist an invasion.

Why do the Democrats persist in giving Ronald Reagan more benefit than doubt? It is perfectly clear that in foreign policy he has surrendered completely to the fanatics. This is partly because they cut with his own grain and partly because the fanatics are at least easy to understand. I have no time, personally, for jokes about the President's hearing aid or his other disabilities. But deafness can mask wider incomprehension, even an unwillingness to hear. As a tribute to Reagan's foreign policy grasp, let me reproduce a transcript of an exchange he had at a lunchtime meeting with some carefully selected editors, on October 18.

Q. Are you going to put any kind of pressure on the Turkish government about giving a just solution to the Cyprus problem?

THE PRESIDENT: To the which problem?

Q. To the Cyprus problem.

THE PRESIDENT: Oh. I wish the Secretary of State were here. We're aware of that but I don't know that we have involved ourselves directly and deeply in that. We have offered, as we always do, to be of help if we can, but right now I think more of our help is directed a little further east than that, on the shores of——

Q. I am speaking of 200,000 refugees in Cyprus.

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, I know, and I hope that we can find—and help in the settlement of that.

Q. Mr. President, my name is Dr. Michael Szaz from the National Confederation of American Ethnic Groups. When are we going to break off diplomatic relations with the Soviet-imposed government in Afghanistan and extend more effective material assistance to the freedom fighters in Afghanistan?

THE PRESIDENT: I have to say that I don't believe that breaking off diplomatic relations, even with the Soviet Union in our anger with them over this terrible deed with the Korean airliner——

Q. It's Afghanistan.

THE PRESIDENT: What?

Q. It's Afghanistan, with the Soviet-imposed government in Kabul.

THE PRESIDENT: Oh.

Q. Do you still have the plan to visit South Korea? If so, what is the main purpose to visit South Korea?

THE PRESIDENT: What?

Q. South Korea?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes.

Q. Mr. President, does India fit into your schedule?

THE PRESIDENT: What?

MS. SMALL [a Presidential aide]: One more question, Mr. President.

Q. Mr. President, my name is Keshishian from California. I would like to know if the American government has a stand on the Turkish genocide of the Armenians?

THE PRESIDENT: The genocide of——

Q. The Armenians in 1915.

MS. SMALL: The Turkish and Armenian genocide.

THE PRESIDENT: Oh. I—the only official stand that I can tell you we have is one opposed to terrorism on both sides. And I can't help but believe that there's virtually no one alive today who was living in the era of that trouble. And it seems to me we ought to be able to sit down now, an entirely new group of people who know only of that from reading of it, to set down and work out our differences and bring peace at last to that segment of humanity.

MS. SMALL: Thank you, Mr. President. Thank you very much.

THE PRESIDENT: Karna tells me I have to go. Thank you all very much. Thank you.

I have never met Karna, but I think she's absolutely right.

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

A full year has passed since Yuri Andropov succeeded Leonid Brezhnev as leader of the Soviet Union, but the "Andropov Era" so widely heralded in the Western press has not unfolded. Most Western commentators predicted that after the growing problems and weak leadership of Brezhnev's last years, Andropov would become a "strongman," perhaps even ruling through the K.G.B., which he headed for fifteen years, and would change Soviet domestic and foreign policy in significant ways. Some initial developments under Andropov seemed to support that expectation: new high-level appointments; more energetic diplomatic overtures toward China and the United States, and toward a resolution of the war in Afghanistan; a surge of reformist rhetoric in the central press; and highly publicized campaigns to fight official corruption, restore "labor discipline" and increase the authority of plant managers.

But after a year, little has changed, certainly far less than during the first year of Khrushchev's or Brezhnev's leadership. Andropov's three domestic campaigns seem to be petering out, while the Soviet press lapses into its self-satisfied tone. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union remains mired militarily in Afghanistan, deadlocked in negotiations with the Chinese and embroiled in a worsening confrontation with the United States.

Nor has Andropov become a strongman, even though in June he finally attained the ceremonial office of President. Despite several vacancies, only one new voting member has been appointed to the Politburo. It is still composed largely of Brezhnev's people, not Andropov's. The same is true of the hundreds of top bosses who actually run the Soviet system, from Moscow ministers to regional party secretaries. The overwhelming majority remain Brezhnev men, aged symbols of unsolved problems and complacent leadership.

Moreover, Andropov, who sought to contrast himself to the long-enfeebled Brezhnev by being a visibly active leader, has virtually disappeared from public life since the Korean airliner catastrophe on September 1. He did not even appear on the anniversary of the Revolution, on November 5. Unless Andropov is completely incapacitated, poor health is no explanation. Confronted with foreign policy disasters of the magnitude of the airliner incident, ailing leaders of great states manage at least token appearances to reaffirm their authority. As a result, there is again widespread gossip in Moscow about a forthcoming succession—this time, to Andropov himself.

Thus, whereas we can speak meaningfully of a characteristic Russia of Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev or even Brezhnev, there is no Andropov's Russia, only growing signs that there will be none. The reasons involve three little-understood features of Soviet politics today.

First, the office of general secretary of the Communist Party, the top leadership position, is not so inherently powerful that its occupant automatically becomes a dictator. It took Andropov's predecessors as General Secretary—Stalin, Khrushchev and Brezhnev—five years or more to achieve supremacy. Moreover, each General Secretary since Stalin has had less personal power than his predecessor.

The post was particularly weakened under Brezhnev. Still unnerved by their memories of Stalin's capricious terror and Khrushchev's incessant reorganizations, party, state and military bosses opposed the emergence of another strong leader. Brezhnev acquiesced to that sentiment and based his eighteen-year reign on conservative policies that guaranteed the tenure of those officials, thus enhancing their institutional power. Andropov, therefore, is constrained not simply by the swollen power of the Soviet military, as Washington Sovietologists now speculate, but by a more general diffusion of power throughout the system, at the expense of the general secretary. As the oldest and least healthy man ever to assume the post, Andropov is unlikely to revitalize it. Indeed, it is possible he was chosen for that reason.

The second constraint on the leader's power is longstanding policy division in the Soviet political elite. Despite the country's economic problems, for example, Soviet officials are deeply divided among those who believe in muddling through, those who want to restore draconian Stalinist measures and those who urge decentralization. The result has been decades of policy immobilism. Nor is there consensus on international affairs. On the central question of Soviet-American relations, Soviet officials are bitterly split between advocates of cold war with the West as Russia's historical destiny, and proponents of the necessity of détente. Here the result has been decades of erratic policy.

Finally, Andropov's first year has been one of relentless confrontations and crises abroad—Poland and Afghanistan, Reagan's anti-Soviet crusade, Lebanon, Central America and now the Caribbean. None of them were of Andropov's making, but their result has been to redouble every Soviet obstacle to internal change, as international tensions always do. Thus, while American hard-liners insist that cold war is necessary because the Soviet system will never change, their policies make such change almost impossible.

Everything we know about Andropov suggests he is both reform-minded and exceedingly cautious, so he may still put his imprint on the Soviet system. More likely, however, he will be a transitional leader. Indeed, the most significant development of his first year is the emergence of a new inner circle in charge of government and economic affairs. Composed of Grigory Romanov, Geidar Aliev, Nikolai Ryzhkov, Vladimir Dolgikh and Mikhail Gorbachev (currently Andropov's most likely successor), the average age of its members is about 58, a full political generation younger than Brezhnev and Andropov.

Many Western analysts argue that the impending succession of a new generation of officials throughout the Soviet system will make a major difference in policy. But that generation is also deeply divided between friends and foes of change. And it, too, will inherit a Soviet Union that increasingly resembles the lumbering bureaucratic Russia of weak czars rather than the dynamic leader-dominated "totalitarianism" of Stalin or of Orwell's *1984*.

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CALVIN TRILLIN

Yes, really! Yes, I really did go to Boy Scout camp with Marc Rich. In Missouri, in 1949. Just three weeks ago, in this very space, I devoted an entire column to revealing that I went to Boy Scout camp with Marc Rich—the column was written in what I considered an exceptionally straightforward manner—and nobody seemed to believe me. (In case you missed that column, I'll try to summarize it for you: I went to Boy Scout camp with Marc Rich.) There I was with my first big scoop in a long time—the first really big one since I revealed that Nancy Reagan was called Bubbles when she attended Girls Latin in Chicago—and, frankly, I thought a little notice might be taken. The sort of response I had in mind was "Hey! Wow! This guy has the whole Camp Osceola angle that everyone else on the Marc Rich story missed!" Ordinarily, I wouldn't call attention to the importance of the people I was fortunate enough to know during a long and eventful childhood in Kansas City, but I might just mention that Marc Rich has been charged with the single largest tax fraud in the history of the United States of America. I bring that up only as a way of demonstrating that we're not talking here about a column by someone who played kick-the-can with Bert Lance. We're talking about Marc Rich—the reclusive, elusive, fabulously wealthy commodities trader—and we're talking about the whole Camp Osceola angle. So why didn't anybody say, "Wow!" or "Hey!" Why did they say things like "uh-huh" or "I bet" or "Oh, sure"?

Why do people believe Ronald Reagan and not me? If Ronald Reagan said that the Communist headquarters they found in Grenada was the one they spent all that time looking for in Cambodia ten or twelve years ago, a lot of people would say: "Well, no wonder we couldn't find the damn thing the other time—we were looking in the wrong country. That must have been what the President meant when he said we got there just in time—in another few minutes they would have folded it up and moved it to Ecuador or maybe Wilkes-Barre." What would happen if Ronald Reagan—maybe while trying to distract public opinion from something embarrassing, like, say, destroying some small country by mistake—announced that he had gone to Boy Scout camp with Marc Rich? Do you think a lot of people would say "uh-huh" or "I bet" or "Oh, sure"? A lot of people would say, "Hey! Wow! I used to think he was just some actor those rich right-wing nut cases got to front for them in California, but if he went to Boy Scout camp with Marc Rich . . . well, that's different."

I'd be furious, of course. I'd try to say something cool, like "uh-huh," but sooner or later I'd start shouting, "He did *not* go to Boy Scout camp with Marc Rich! *I* went to Boy Scout camp with Marc Rich!" Ronald Reagan is twenty-four years older than Marc Rich, I would point out, once I had calmed down. So how could he have been at Camp Osceola at the same time?

"Well," one of the believers would say, "maybe he was held back."

"Held back! People don't get held back in Boy Scout camp! Held back? Held back twenty-four years in Boy Scout camp?"

"Well," the believer would say, "he *is* kind of slow."

Ronald Reagan doesn't know anything about Camp Osceola. Oh sure, he could sound as if he knew something about it if someone asked an Osceola question at a press conference. We've all read how he sucks up some facts from the briefing books like a giant turkey-baster and then squeezes them out over the Washington press corps. (The same patsies, I just might point out, who failed to follow up the Nancy/Bubbles exposé.) He *sounds* as if he knows something about Grenada, even though it couldn't have been very long ago that he thought Grenada was an M-G-M swashbuckler starring Cesar Romero. Reagan might be able to sound as if he knows about Camp Osceola—squeezing out a couple of little anecdotes about the Great Tribe of Mic-o-Say, or Skipper Macy and the way he always used to say "fine and dandy"—but his knowledge of Osceola couldn't go deep. Mine goes deep.

For instance, if a reporter asked me whether Marc Rich ever cornered the market in any commodities at Osceola—and I'm really surprised that no reporter has asked that, although I suppose nothing should surprise me after their performance on the Nancy/Bubbles story—I would know that the only serious commodity at Camp Osceola was something called Chigger-Rid, which sometimes stopped the itching of chigger bites, although not usually.

Usually, nothing could stop the itching of a chigger bite short of amputation. Even though chiggers are exceedingly small compared with the huge mosquitoes people from various parts of the country are always bragging about—so small no protective clothing can keep them out, so small they cannot be spotted by the human eye—the itch of a chigger bite is just short of eternal. Growing up with chiggers changes your whole perspective on life. Sometimes, when I read about some Russian who was sent to a dreadful Siberian labor camp for whispering to his brother-in-law (who wanted his apartment) that the secret anti-Soviet provocateur headquarters the Red Army was looking for in Hungary wasn't in Afghanistan either, I say, "Well, at least it's too cold there for chiggers."

I know a lot of people who aren't from the Midwest aren't going to believe what I say about chiggers—about what a threat they are to our society and about how I'd rather invade St. Kitts single-handed than walk through a vacant lot that might be harboring just one of them. For a long time, my own family thought I had made up chiggers. Made them up! Just because chiggers are so small you can't see them, they sometimes sound like a made-up bug, in the same way that Ronald Reagan sometimes sounds like a real-life President. Chiggers are real bugs. Is it my fault they don't have access to briefing books? You don't believe me? Ask Marc Rich. He was there.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Is 'Aristides' Just?

RUSSELL JACOBY

THE MIDDLE OF MY TETHER: Familiar Essays. *By Joseph Epstein. W.W. Norton. 250 pp. $14.95.*

Joseph Epstein may be the most engaging and least noticed essayist on American life and manners today. For ten years he has edited *The American Scholar*, contributing a graceful, wry and personal essay to each issue under the pen name "Aristides." With deft vignettes and literary allusions he has ruminated on fountain pens and jogging, on human faces and boutiques. He collected some of those essays in *Familiar Territory*, and now presents us with another batch. Many are gems. If his name does not spark recognition, it is because he keeps a low profile, paying no heed to headlines or Yale literary theorists, quietly monitoring the daily life of the urban intellectual.

Yet there are two Joseph Epsteins. "Ten years ago," he wrote in "The New Conservatives: Intellectuals in Retreat," published in *Dissent* in 1973, "who could have predicted the rise of a new conservatism in American life?" Ten years ago, who could have predicted that Epstein would join the retreat? In 1983, Epstein addressed a conference of the Committee for the Free World, which Alfred Kazin savaged in *The New York Review of Books*. "Whenever I see a piece of print reading 'The Committee for the Free World, Midge Decter Executive Secretary,'" commented Kazin, "I laugh."

Epstein wasn't laughing. In 1973 he had chastised new conservatives who charged that "confusions about the glories of our national life" derived mainly from left-wing intellectuals. In 1983 he charged that left-liberal intellectuals spread confusion about the glories of our national life. He apprised the Free Worlders that "the contemporary literary scene is rife with writers whose chief stock in the trade of ideas is a crude anti-Americanism." Leading stockholders include Joseph Heller, E.L. Doctorow, Robert Stone, Ann Beattie and John Updike. Epstein objects to those writers and their "cliché leftism." They all feel "angry, or soured, or depressed, or outraged, or filled with yearning." Improbably, for Epstein those feelings are foreign to authentic artists, and they signal second-raters.

Like Hilton Kramer, he seems to believe that intellectuals, especially novelists, who dabble in politics constitute a new breed. Throughout recorded history, culture thrived uncorrupted by the crudities of politics—until the 1960s, from which we have not yet recovered. To illustrate, Epstein informed the Free Worlders that an intrepid colleague at his university had concluded that Walt Whitman was a racist, and William Carlos Williams a sexist. "Twenty or so years ago he would have been told by senior professors to knock off the politics and teach the books." But "today even the senior professors are fearful of interfering with what they wrongly construe to be his academic freedom." Oh, for the good old days when senior professors fearlessly guarded academic freedom!

Yet Epstein the sentry of literary un-Americanism and Epstein the commentator on American manners rarely meet in public. His more political essays have appeared in two pillars of neoconservatism—*Commentary*, where he recently chronicled his political evolution, and Kramer's *The New Criterion*—but he has not included them in this or his past collection. To be sure, the two Epsteins have had a sustained encounter in *Ambition: The Secret Passion*, a book that marked his definitive break with his left-liberal past. Throughout *Ambition* he grumbles that American novelists deride the solid American verities of money and success.

Ambition is almost an elegant self-help book. The back cover carries the label "Criticism/Social History" and a blurb from *Forbes*, "Must reading in executive suites." Indeed the executives have reason to be pleased: the "criticism" is of failures and victims; the "social history" is of the rich and well-born. Epstein enthusiastically rediscovers the adage that it is better to be rich and healthy than poor and sick. It turns out that Hemingway was wrong: the rich really are different. They even have better complexions: "In the faces of the wellborn and the wealthy there is frequently a lambency, a glow of something that is not light but akin to light."

In Epstein's approach there is frequently a coldness that is not ideology but akin to ideology. A man of letters, he puts his money on the monied. He does not allow for an instant that those who reject society, or are rejected by it, may have principles and not just weaknesses. For Epstein, intellectuals who preach negation spread the curse of failure. The children of the rich are sent off to the "best schools," where they are exposed to the carpings of tenured hypocrites. "They are taught to despise their parents' own aspirations and achievements." In Epstein's utopia—which is, in fact, the reality—the ruling ideas are the ideas of the rulers.

Epstein the familiar essayist is much better. His loyalty to a nonacademic intellectual world makes him exceedingly valuable. With an obsolete verve, he blasts academic hustlers and promoters; he has no love for back-scratching professors, authors or reviewers. Indeed, compared with the professorial norm, his own career looks positively bohemian. Although he teaches at a university, he has no doctorate and has written no deadly monographs; instead, he has edited magazines and encyclopedias, and once even directed an antipoverty program. He has not passed through the mill, and it shows. His elegant essays summon up a cultural world, now almost vanished, in which literate intellectuals unfettered by semiotics and structuralism wrote for a public, not for a grant.

Nevertheless, at his best—and that is often superb—conservatism distorts his vision. Unlike other vigorous professor-baiters, such as H.L. Mencken, whom he frequently honors, Epstein shoots only to the left. He dumps on a Herbert Marcuse or a Michael Harrington; he has nothing to say about a Milton Friedman or an Irving Kristol. Little galls him more than radical professors with BMWs in their driveways or left-wing publishers with Southampton homes. State Department ideologues of authoritarianism or munitions executives with private planes do not bother him: they are, after all, honest.

Russell Jacoby is the author of The Repression of Psychoanalysis: Otto Fenichel and the Political Freudians, *recently published by Basic Books.*

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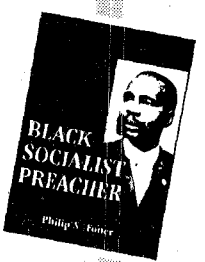

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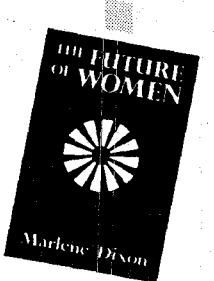

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SYNTHESIS PUBLICATIONS

He denounces retail hypocrisy, not wholesale madness. Yet the critique of hypocrisy, T.W. Adorno reminded us, easily promotes naked force.

Epstein's political logic, or illogic, almost impales the essays on manners collected in *The Middle of My Tether.* Insofar as he believes that politics sullies culture, he can clear the air only by adding to the pollution—by writing political essays on culture. He half escapes this danger by separating his essays on manners from his more engaged pieces. Within the smaller universe of daily life, Epstein can graciously discourse without bumping into politics. Of course, he must travel prudently, choosing a route that does not pass a slum or an abandoned factory.

He is often successful. A typical Epstein essay is wryly titled "About Face," and opens with Orwell's dictum "At fifty everyone has the face he deserves." Epstein notes that he has several years to go to obtain "a noble brow, a strong chin, a deep and penetrating gaze, a nose that doesn't disappoint." The prospects are not good; he has been told by various people that he resembles the actor Sal Mineo, the assassin Lee Harvey Oswald and "a now deceased Yorkshire terrier named Max." He is at a loss. "I have long appreciated the fact that the limits of self-knowledge begin at one's own kisser. To have stared at the damned thing so long and yet still not to know what it reveals is a true tribute to the difficulties of self-analysis."

From there Epstein strolls through books and letters, meditating on what faces tell us. Few claim as a tenet of science that faces reveal character; yet somehow the mystery of personality is written in the face. It is our mode of operating in the world, drawing conclusions from faces. Epstein discusses the faces of Gide, Valéry and Auden; he pulls passages from George Eliot and Henry James. He chats about fat faces and offensively pretty faces, potato faces, dumb faces and more: makeup, plastic surgery, sunglasses. It is a perfect essay: learned and light, witty and thoughtful. The same can be said of many of his pieces—for instance, his reflections on New York City or receiving the mail or class reunions. They are treats, with sentences and thoughts that charm.

Yet in order to maintain his poise, Epstein habitually dances back from the edge. Not only does his universe shrink to daily life, he shrinks from upsetting

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or challenging his readers. That he writes of the world of upper-middle-class graying intellectuals—their books, hobbies and desires—is no sin, but he writes only in pastels. A deadening self-satisfaction often rises to the surface. Epstein has developed a personal voice that is almost too self-possessed and a rapport with his readers that is almost too unruffled. He continually returns to the phrase "for most of us," which allows him to sink back and reassure himself and his readers. "For most of us," he says, after all, life is fine. No sourness here.

In his last essay he reflects that the future does not interest him. Perhaps, he mulls, this indicates "the fact that, yes, I rather like my life as it is now." The "yes" hints at fleeting belligerency, as if only depressed intellectuals would have us believe our lives are troubled. "Am I alone," he continues, "in never having lost a moment's sleep over the rate of deforestation or the world's population growth?" He confides, "I have yet to toss and turn over soil erosion."

From there it is a half step, which he neatly executes, to utter indifference to social and political realities. "For most of us," those never seem to change—unlike daily life. "It is not, I suspect, the approaching ice age or the draining of the seas that depresses most of us; it is the little things. I do not wish to air my dirty linen in public, but may I talk a bit about my shirt problem?" And he does. Since the Chinese couple retired, laundries have mauled, at a much higher price, Epstein's shirts. This only begins the pestilences visited upon him. For $110 the Barclay Hotel assigned him a room with broken beds and a view of the air shaft; the postal service has deteriorated. Soon he'll grouse about the servant problem.

Along the byways of his everyday life Epstein writes essays that crackle with wit and insight; he is an observer with a gift for detail and language. Yet the turf is small, and is perhaps getting smaller; even here, conservatism and self-satisfaction threaten to dull his sensibilities. His more engaged essays, which he has not collected, challenge and accuse; they are also fractured. He braves the hustlers and professors, so as to embrace wealth beyond the hustle. He derides fashionable politics, and fashionably preaches Americanism. Not yet 50, Epstein risks a future playing two roles, a fireside philosopher for aging intellectuals and a literary consultant for money managers. □

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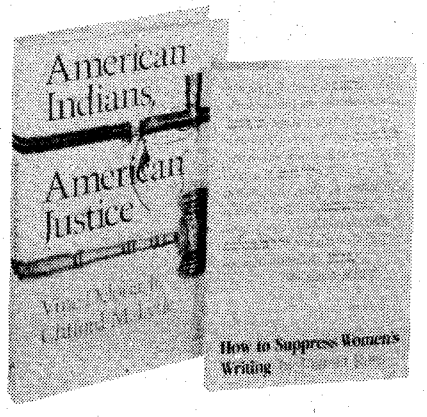

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RACHEL M. BROWNSTEIN

VANESSA BELL. *By Frances Spalding. Ticknor & Fields. 399 pp. $22.95.*

The Stephen sisters, Vanessa Bell and Virginia Woolf, were descended on their mother's side from the Pattle sisters, who had inspired the fashionable painters of their day. Both were of the remote and sculptural Pattle type—tall, with deep-set, elegantly lidded eyes in a fine-boned face. They were distinguished women, distinctively aristocratic. Vanessa, the elder, was more monumental, while Virginia was willowy; Vanessa was squarer of jaw, Virginia more delicate; Vanessa tended to look at the camera, Virginia to stare dreamily off to the side. In one photograph of them as girls, Vanessa bats right at a ball as Virginia stands holding one awkwardly, holding back. Telling details. When we study family photographs we tend to make distinctions, draw conclusions, exaggerate little differences.

"From the first it was settled between them that Vanessa was to be a painter and Virginia a writer," Bell's son Quentin writes in his biography of his Aunt Virginia. They imagined themselves as opposites, complementary. People who think of them today—mostly admirers and partisans of the greater sister—see them that way too. Vanessa Bell is familiar as a figure in the background of Virginia Woolf: a simple figure, foil to the complicated Virginia.

When the sisters divided the world between them, the elder drew the outer as opposed to the inner life. Recalling her sister's childhood tantrums, Vanessa liked to describe, with relish, the "lovely flaming red" Virginia used to turn. It seemed always to Virginia that she not only articulated but also experienced more love for her sister than Vanessa felt for her: "Why is it I never stop thinking of you, even walking in the marsh this afternoon and seeing a great snake like a sea serpent gliding among the grass?" The lifelong resentment and rivalry that often live alongside love are too clear to need noting: "As you have the children," Virginia once wrote to her sister, "the fame by rights belongs to me."

We have been used to imagining them as sister goddesses of Life and Art: on the one hand fruitful Vanessa with her two boys and a girl, sexual Vanessa who loved Clive Bell and then Roger Fry and then Duncan Grant; on the other, childless Virginia who labored without cease at her art. Rival portraits of Virginia as lesbian, bisexual or sexually cool have included one single contrasting Vanessa, an earth mother who arrogated all womanliness to herself and left to her fragile sister the portion of oddness, neurasthenia, madness. How can we forget the letter Vanessa wrote to Clive shortly after Virginia's marriage: "Apparently she still gets no pleasure at all from the act, which I think is curious. They were anxious to know when I first had an orgasm. I couldn't remember. Do you? But no doubt I sympathized with such things if I didn't have them from the time I was 2." Especially to those who want to blame Woolf's childlessness on her husband and physicians, Bell has seemed unsympathetic.

Just because it is about Vanessa Bell

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Rachel M. Brownstein teaches at Brooklyn College and is the author of Becoming a Heroine: Reading About Women in Novels *(Viking).*

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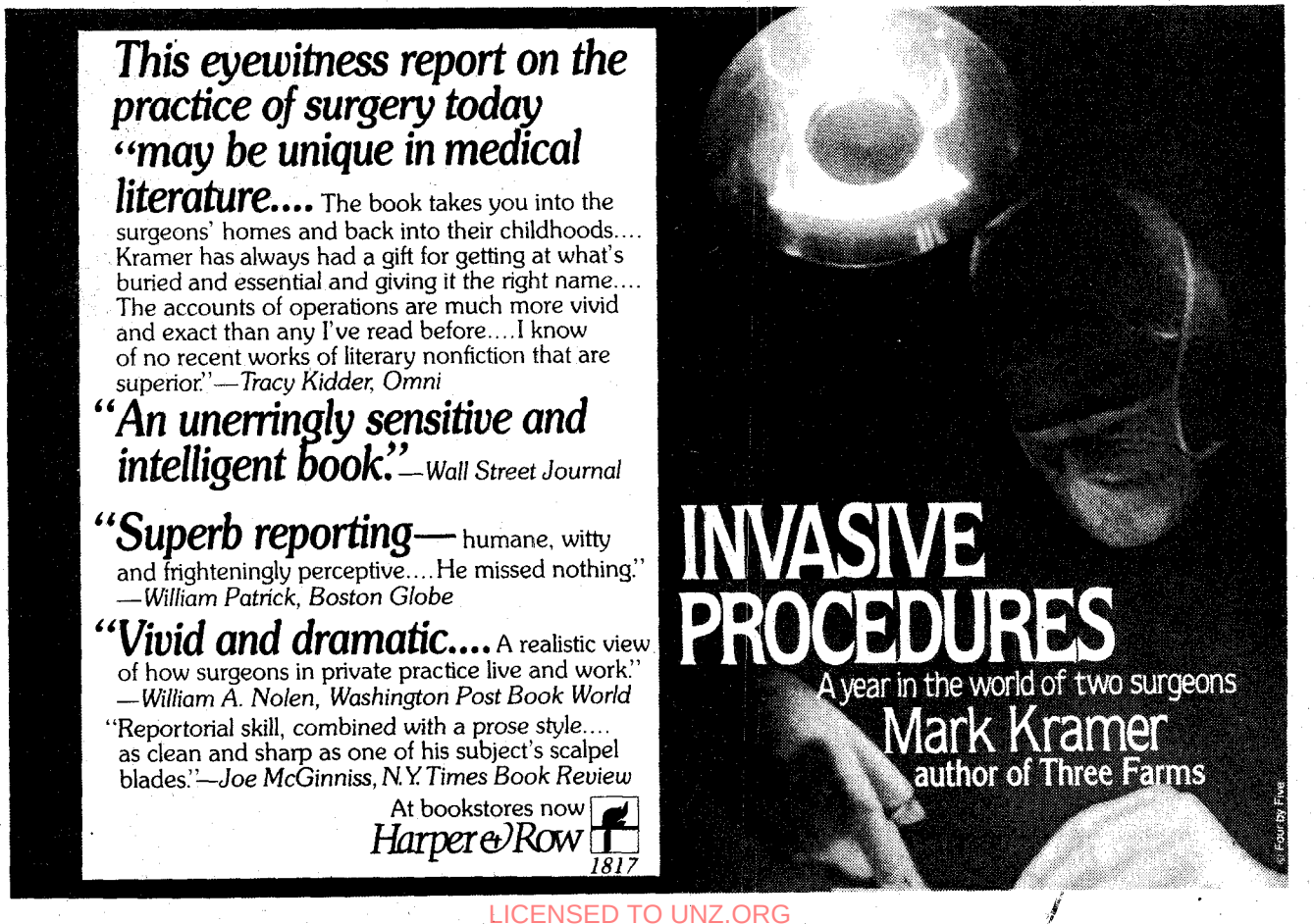
rather than the sister of Virginia Woolf, Frances Spalding's biography is welcome in spite of its flaws. The main problem with the book is that details, more than we really need, sometimes arrange themselves in illogical or even wacky juxtapositions: "Vanessa was herself derided as a bohemian with a private income, a West End lady imitating the style of Augustus John's women, in Wyndham Lewis's *The Apes of God*, published in 1930, in which she and Clive appear as the Jonathan Bells. There was, however, nothing self-conscious about her unfashionable dress. She aspired to neatness but often looked dowdy, and when given a Frigidaire by Virginia in 1932 was aware that she would never live up to it. She had a liking for strong colours, both in her painting and her dress . . ."

Spalding's Vanessa Bell is first of all a painter. From a grim Victorian younglady hood, she emerged with a firm sense of vocation. Perhaps that helped her to endure her father's weekly tirades over the household accounts, and her half brother's wheedling demands that she appear at his side at social functions. Bell's lifelong commitment to being a painter seems to have been an aspect of her tough private being—what her sister called her "inviolable reticence." Sensitive to the limitations that are imposed on domestic women, Spalding reports that she found time to work even during visits to her uncongenial in-laws. The part of her personal life she successfully chose for herself—the larger part—was complexly bound up with her work. For all the men she loved, including her sons, art was vital. Her husband was an art critic; with her longtime companion and sometime lover, the painter Duncan Grant, she worked side by side in extraordinary harmony.

The man who, in Spalding's words, "was to alter the course of her life" was neither the man she married nor the one she lived with longest but the critic Roger Fry, who changed things for her not only by becoming her lover but also by organizing the Post-Impressionist Exhibition in London in 1910—the year, as Woolf was to write, "human nature changed."

Fry's challenge to Victorian tastes and values seemed to mark the liberating beginning of an era of vigorous expression in the arts. For Bell, the vital points were that light and space and bright color replaced dark, narrow, crowded rooms, that free rounded forms drove out fussy academic "realism." Inspired by Cézanne, she painted; with Fry and Duncan Grant in 1913, she helped found the Omega Workshops, where murals, dishes, fabrics, screens and other household objects were designed with an eye to changing the shape of everyday English life. Throughout her long life Bell enthusiastically designed and decorated—most memorably, perhaps, her own rooms and the dust jackets of the books produced by Leonard and Virginia Woolf's Hogarth Press. She was a versatile, energetic, committed artist.

Spalding makes no claim for her as one of the great immortals. The reproductions in this volume suggest she was a painter and decorator of skill and intelligence, with a flair for color, but the argument does not rest on them. Rather, Bell's art and her dedication to it are presented as sureties of her integrity, vitality and moral seriousness. That she was very much influenced by Fry, by the French, by Grant seems not so important to Spalding as that most of her life she worked passionately, unmoved by fashion or changing theory. And that Bell was the lesser sister, the comparatively minor artist, is a point her biographer beautifully, reason-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ably, politely evades or transcends.

My descending sequence of adverbs and equivocation with verbs is meant to be suggestive. What this book makes clear yet again is the distinctive upper-class Englishness of the Stephens and their set. Spalding's account of the private life of Vanessa Bell shows how integral to Bloomsbury were the attitudes of a privileged caste for whom love of privacy and distaste for scenes were ruling passions. The tone of ineffably flat sang-froid in which her biographer details the relationships between Vanessa and Clive and Duncan and Bunny and the rest suggests, perhaps only half-intentionally, the extent to which attitudes of the nineteenth-century English gentry informed the scandalous high jinks of Bloomsbury.

When the new Mr. and Mrs. Bell received Lytton Strachey lying side by side in their nuptial bed, Victorian values seemed to all three to have been effectively jettisoned. The more substantive revolution had of course come somewhat earlier, when that eminent Victorian Sir Leslie Stephen died, leaving his two sons and two daughters free, unsupervised and with no need to work. They had moved to Bloomsbury and began to stay up late with their friends, talking about buggery. Reason danced circles around sex; all were determined to be forthright and tolerant. When Vanessa fell in love with Roger Fry, her husband amiably "accepted a secondary place in her life," as Spalding puts it; when she fell in love with Duncan Grant, Roger, while deeply hurt, nevertheless remained her close friend. Clive Bell lived more or less apart from his wife during most of their marriage (he had mistresses); he did, however, join her and the children at frequent intervals, and he had a room of his own in her house. More permanently resident with Vanessa were a series of Duncan's male lovers. One of them was David (Bunny) Garnett, who later would marry Angelica Bell, the daughter of Vanessa and Duncan.

Angelica was not told she was Duncan's child until she was 17; she was not told anything about sex until then either. During the years of discretion Clive himself is said to have forgotten the truth; he was heard to speculate once about whether Angelica had more Bell blood or more Stephen blood in her. Reticence lay deep in the heart of Vanessa Bell and of Bloomsbury; one begins to wonder how much it ac-

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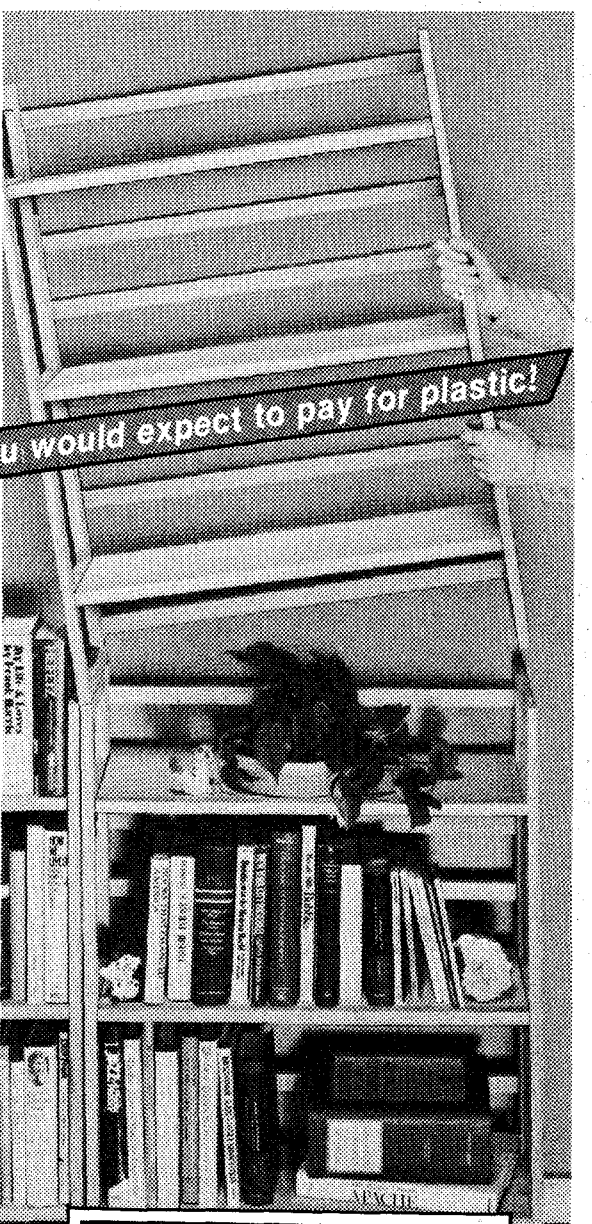

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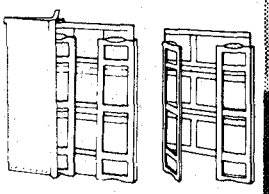
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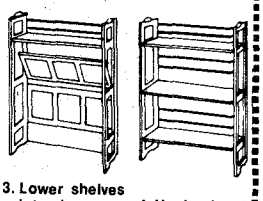
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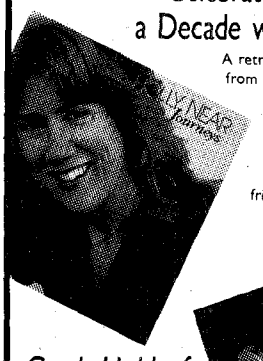

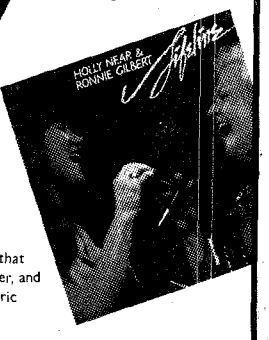

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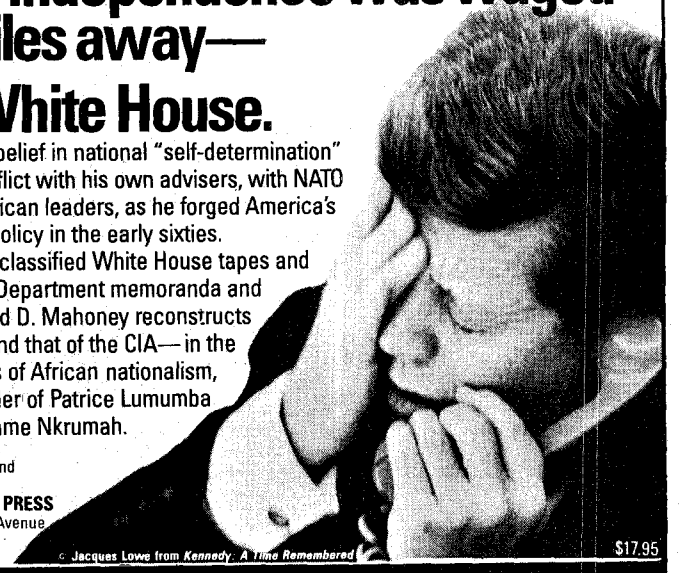

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counted for the frequent agency of third persons in their relationships. It is moving and chilling to read that after Virginia Woolf's suicide Vita Sackville-West, in a letter of condolence, assured Vanessa she had told Virginia what a comfort she had been to her sister in the months following Vanessa's son's death—something Vanessa herself had never been able to say.

Spalding's matter-of-fact account makes one wonder for a change whether Bell and her circle were not, after all, rather more representative of human nature than not—whether the odd thing about them was not their sexual behavior but their sustained commitment to not making a fuss. Bell's superb granitic calm was characteristic of her class, developed over generations, like the lawns of England: she juggled the elements of her bohemian household so skillfully that it was most remarkable for its apparent tranquillity and harmony. Aided by servants and money, and the aristocratic habit of doing as one likes as if one were entitled to, she lived a rich, complicated life that was briskly organized and deeply decorous. One is awed, reading this book, by the power of the upper-class virtue of good taste, which, even when revised to make mandatory the use of the word "buggery," tends to remain good taste still.

Perhaps it *was* out of desperate need that Bell never did let go of anyone; she clung to Duncan Grant after the death of her son Julian as she had earlier clung to other people after other losses. Perhaps it was an overdeveloped maternal instinct that made her nurture Duncan and his friend Bunny and his other friends, just as she took care of her sons and had taken care of her brothers. (She had rather more trouble with her daughter and sister.) But psychoanalysis, which she disliked, seems to be an irrelevant approach to Bell. Spalding does not take it. For her, in the end, the really remarkable thing about Vanessa Bell is how very beautifully she managed. □

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The Path of the Self-Righteous

BRINA CAPLAN

THE PENITENT. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 170 pp. $13.95.*

THE BROTHERS SINGER. *By Clive Sinclair. Allison & Busby. Distributed by Schocken. 176 pp. $14.95.*

An urgent stranger accosts Isaac Bashevis Singer and tells him a story that becomes, in turn, the story Singer is telling us. Singer has used this device as an entrance into narrative more than once, although never in a novel. *The Penitent* begins in 1969 in Old Jerusalem during Singer's first visit to the recently recaptured Wailing Wall. He regards the crowd wryly: residents and European Hasidim, Israeli soldiers, professional beggars, the schmoozers and the prayerful. "The Almighty," he observes, "conducted business here on a twenty-four-hour basis."

Such irony is pure Singer—especially the autobiographer of *In My Father's Court, A Little Boy in Search of God* and *A Young Man in Search of Love.* In writing about his own life, Singer has led us to expect a detached view both of human beings, who persist in contradictory or self-interested or impiously destructive behavior, and of their Creator, who persists in working out the details of an incomprehensible but plainly unwieldy divine plan. What is astonishing about *The Penitent* is the abrupt loss of this perspective. Approached at the Wailing Wall by Joseph Shapiro, formerly an American businessman and now a born-again Hasid, Singer becomes a listener, in effect turning over the narrative to his central character. Once Shapiro takes over, puzzlement about God's plan narrows into certitude, skepticism gives way to dogma, and irony toward erring mankind sours into loathing. Shapiro's message is absolute: "The slightest compromise that you make with the pagan culture of our time is a gesture toward evil, a nod to a world of murder, idolatry, and adultery." Only "Talmud Jews," who live in the ritually exacting manner of their grandfathers, will avoid complicity in "a civilization that is a slaughterhouse and brothel."

Like the Ancient Mariner, Shapiro has a story to tell of alienation and fortunate escape. "Penitent" in Hebrew is *baal tshuve*, "one who returns." Shapiro has reached home—that is, the spare purity of Orthodox Judaism—but only after years adrift on the sea of modernity. He was born and reared in Poland. As the Nazis advanced on Warsaw, he retreated into Russia and near-starvation. Then, in postwar Warsaw, he met up again with his socialist girlfriend, Celia, who also had miraculously survived, and together they emigrated to New York City.

They found a New World that, he insists, did not differ essentially from the old. "Even in those days," Shapiro says, "someone was being killed in New York every other day and the police never found the perpetrator. If he was found, the lawyers promptly bailed him out and the court later freed him for lack of evidence. . . . In my own business you had to constantly hand out bribes to inspectors, police, all kinds of officials. The mayor knew this. It was, as they say, an open secret." What he mistook for the rainbow colors of a refugee's dream was actually an oily refraction on vast wastes of injustice. His business success, Celia's education at Hunter College, their luxurious life divided between an Upper West Side apartment and a Connecticut country home—all were exercises in deception.

His marriage is a case in point. "The fact is that Celia satisfied me and I had no need of others, but she often expressed a kind of wonder that I wasn't having any outside affairs." If she implicitly agrees to his having an affair, his friends urge him outright, echoing the cultural expectations expressed on television and in theater and books. The resultant adultery, as Shapiro describes it, seems less lewd than ludicrous. Liza, his mistress, has as live-in company her grown daughter and her daughter's 1960s-style revolutionary boyfriend, a fellow with Stalinist inclinations and "the face of a murderer." Rather than passion, nights with Liza consist of listening to passionate arguments over who should be liquidated, capitalist oppressors or recalcitrant children.

Shapiro is expected to underwrite this ménage, which becomes increasingly

Brina Caplan reviews fiction regularly for The Nation. *Her reviews have also appeared in* The New York Times Book Review, New Letters *and other magazines.*

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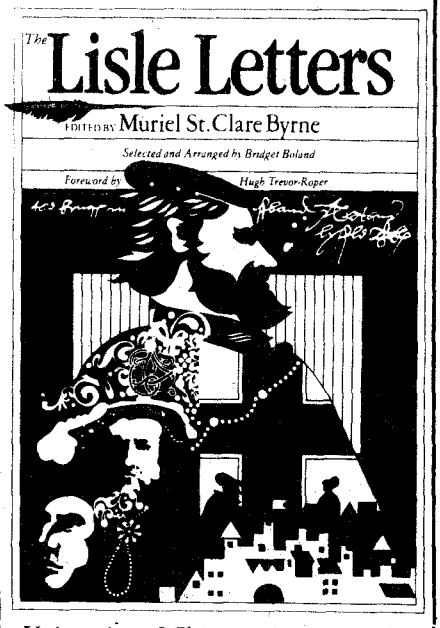
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violent when the daughter discloses she is pregnant. Liza whines for more money. She and her daughter quarrel, eventually going at each other with a kitchen knife. Out of their turmoil comes a final revelation: Shapiro is but one of the men who sleep with and finance Liza. In disgust, he rushes home to Celia, only to catch her lover leaving their apartment by the back door. Shapiro also leaves—Liza, Celia, New York City, his life of material prosperity and spiritual degradation. "Actually, I had known right along that my life was a shame and a disgrace—all that chasing after money, my affairs with women, being part of a society that was corrupt from beginning to end and whose justice was the encouragement of crime." Having disengaged from this life, Shapiro must find a way of living that is conducive to decency. He becomes a vegetarian. He sets out for the Holy Land.

His search in Israel amounts to a programmatic review of the moral possibilities of modern Judaism. He looks into city life in Tel Aviv and into the rural world of the kibbutz. He samples intellectualism, politics and commerce. Everywhere he finds the same disrespect for the Ten Commandments, the same promiscuity and pursuit of pleasure that drove him from America. Modern Jews have mistaken materialism for joy and power for morality. In a backwater kibbutz, he finds Stalin's portrait on the common-room wall and beneath it young married people conniving at adultery. Shapiro concludes, "You couldn't find any more feeling for Jewishness among the worldly Jews of Israel than you could among the worldly Jews in other countries. The modern Jew harbored all the lies and delusions of his time."

Shapiro's only recourse is to join the Talmud Jews. This virtuous intention is not easily realized, however. He suffers both a lack of belief and a surfeit of worldly temptations, not the least of which is Priscilla, whom he had met on the plane to Tel Aviv. During the flight, she plucked Moshe Haim Luzzatto's *The Path of the Righteous* from his lap, her fingernails "red as blood and sharp as a bird of prey's." When they fumbled for each other beneath an airline blanket, only the exigencies of economy-class seating prevented her from despoiling his newfound purity as well as his book. Shapiro remains beleaguered until a turning in the streets of Jerusalem brings him to a community

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of Orthodox believers whose strictured way of life prevents adultery, thievery, murder and deception. He settles among them and marries again, saved not by chance or luck but by God's delivering hand. "Coincidence," as the old rabbi, his future father-in-law, reminds him, "is not a kosher word."

Nor is albatross a kosher dish, but much of what Shapiro serves up has the flavor of that symbolic bird. Indeed, reversing the Ancient Mariner's conclusion, "He prayeth best, who loveth best," produces the dictum Shapiro has come to deliver: Those love best who pray best, that is to say, a traditionally observant life must precede goodness. Maybe so. It is hard to judge from the account Shapiro offers us, since it contains so little that is loving. No generous or mutual relationships are dramatized in *The Penitent*. Shapiro's is the only voice we hear, his perspective the only point of view. And from that perspective, neither affection nor respect nor empathy mediate the abrasive differences between contemporary men and women.

Differences, he warns us, are dangerous outside a closed community of belief that holds individuals in right relation to one another—sexual differences in particular. Without traditional restraint, women become abusive and cruel. "Celia and Liza," he reports, "had often accused me of lacking respect for women. But what was there to respect about them?" The only answer to that question is a question: How can there be anything to respect about the women of *The Penitent* when they are never realized as characters but remain merely the symbols of Shapiro's desire and loathing? The worst of them are albatrosses hung about his neck until faith removes them; the best are shadows, adumbrations of Orthodox virtue. "This young woman's eyes reflected all that is good about the Jew," Shapiro says of the old rabbi's daughter who will become his second wife. "Her gaze revealed all the great qualities mentioned in *The Path of the Righteous*." Who she is in herself, though, cannot be known.

Do you detect misogyny in Shapiro's inability to know the women in his life? Your mistake, he insists; on the contrary, he is a defender of women's intrinsic worth:

> When the evil spirit . . . tried to prove to me that the whole female gender is wanton and vicious, I thought of my

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> mother and grandmother. Everything that the Devil, who played the role of an anti-feminist now, said about women had no connection whatsoever to these old-fashioned women. They didn't enslave our grandfathers but helped them to earn a living. They were everything at once: wives, breadwinners, mothers. . . . They were saints, and they didn't have to brood about orgasms.

Actually, the reasoning here may be less misogynous than narcissistic. Shapiro would have us believe that women are to blame for the unwanted feelings he experiences in their presence. All goes well as long as those saints and grandmothers behave so as to hide thoughts of sexuality, anger and conflict from male awareness. When women have desires of their own, however, men become "enslaved" by demands and urges beyond toleration. No wonder Shapiro fastens onto his audience with the bony grip and baleful eye of an Ancient Mariner. He has quite a discovery to reveal: women implant thoughts and feelings in men. Of course, power of this sort had better be leashed by a traditional code of behavior.

Usually, Singer's field of view is wide enough to allow for competing values, for irony and wonder. The mystery of *The Penitent* is why he has reduced its range to the few simplicities Shapiro can appreciate.

In *A Little Boy in Search of God*, Singer says, "The problem of problems is still to me the suffering of people and animals." Only the suffering of a particular type of Jewish male is alleviated in his latest novel—and only by depriving other characters of moral complexity. Why does Singer pay such a price? Clive Sinclair offers an answer in his critical study of Singer, his brother Israel Joshua and his sister, Esther Kreitman, novelists all. Under the misleading title *The Brothers Singer*, Sinclair interweaves reports of their family life drawn from their fiction as well as autobiographical accounts. It was a household fiercely divided. Their father accepted on faith the reputations of wonder-working rabbis and assumed without doubt that any unusual occurrence was the result of the Lord's direct intervention. Their mother, on the other hand, was a stern, inquisitive rationalist and skeptic. "Forced to choose between his parents," Sinclair writes, "Bashevis picked his father. He wanted the wonder of childhood rather than the logic of the quotidian."

Despite a sometimes stiff scholastic tone, Sinclair shows sensitivity to the values at odds within the Singer family and appreciation for the differing resolutions the novelists have achieved through fiction. Sinclair was instrumental in rediscovering Kreitman's autobiographical novel, *Deborah*, and his account of the harshness of her life has special poignancy. "The same tradition that nurtured her brothers," he concludes, "that gave them the intellectual and moral fortitude to reject it, simply smothered Esther." The Hebrew education she longed for was denied her. Her parents dismissed her talent as irrelevant to the role she was intended to fulfill. The marriage arranged for her proved both ensnaring and unhappy. If, as Sinclair supposes, Singer pays homage in *The Penitent* to his father's beliefs, the reality of his sister's life reminds us that within the world of our fathers, all was not well. Perhaps, as *The Penitent* insists, he loveth best who prayeth best—but whether *she* does or not remains an open question. □

ANATOLE FRANCE

The portrait by Nadar

Your name meant a row of red books, properly
voluminous although not
Anatolian, as far as I could determine:

I was nine when I found them,
serried on a low shelf where I could ponder
the mysterious titles;

Penguin Island sounded promising, of course,
but Mother, who had mastered
any number, favored the tale of Thaïs—

at her wedding (the first one),
the violinist had played, she reminisced,
the "Meditation" from *Thaïs* . . .

That was the Midwest, and the 1930's—
you had been done in, long since,
by the Paris of your *belle époque* triumphs,

and if Mother was grateful
for glimpses vouchsafed into the Grand Salon
and your *cabinet de travail*,

it had already dawned on Valéry, on Gide
—for Breton it was high noon—
that there were no other rooms in your villa,

no closet in which a crime
could be committed, no alcove, no plumbing!
Not that your name draws a blank—

how could it, parading the patriotic
pseudonym which would become
a synonym for your limitations. Nadar's

medallion does you justice,
a version that need not chip, crack or tarnish:
sharp and detailed and dead wrong.

You could not see the Strange, hindered by strangeness,
and your recognition of
the Familiar was foiled by familiarity.

Decades back, the long red row
disappeared, for when we can no longer change
the world, the world changes us.

You scoffed at Rodin for "collaborating
too closely with catastrophe"—
Success was your mode. You have not been pardoned.

Richard Howard

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Yesterday's Avant-Garde

RICHARD TILLINGHAST

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT CREELEY, 1945–1975. *University of California Press. 671 pp. $28.50.*

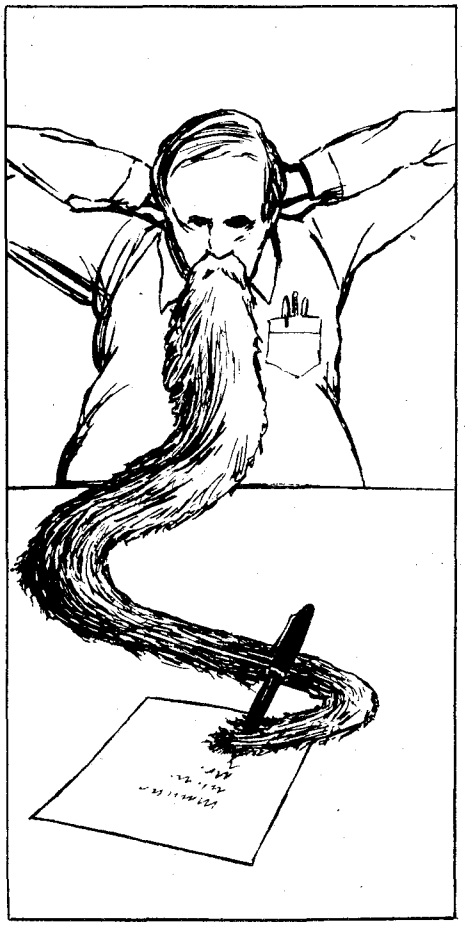
AXE HANDLES. *By Gary Snyder. North Point Press. 116 pp. $12.50. Paper $7.50.*

We have great expectations of our writers. Poets must produce for us not merely the satisfying individual poem; we wish to see delivered for our delectation something far less tangible and easy to define—the esthetically satisfactory career. The work should catch our attention early with unmistakable signs of originality and promise, then slowly build to a triumphant climax. We are disappointed if our favorite writers do not improve as they age. Our model is the almost mythic lifework of a Shakespeare or a Yeats or a Dickens. But steady production, much less an upward curve on the artistic graph, is the exception not the rule. As Randall Jarrell put it when reviewing Wallace Stevens's *Auroras of Autumn*, "A man who is a good poet at forty *may* turn out to be a good poet at sixty; but he is more likely to have stopped writing poems, to be doing exercises in his own manner, or to have reverted to whatever commonplaces were popular when he was young."

The careers of two popular and innovative contemporary poets, Robert Creeley and Gary Snyder, illustrate Jarrell's point. Creeley and Snyder, now 57 and 53, respectively, did their best writing some years ago—Creeley in *For Love* (1962); Snyder in *Riprap* (1959), *Myths & Texts* (1960) and *The Back Country* (1968). Yet the disappointment we experience in regarding their careers is perhaps misplaced: Isn't it enough to have written poems that stand with the best writing of recent decades?

Part of the problem may be our use of the words "poet" and "writer." By describing people in this way we imply that their function in life is to produce literary works. But their own lives must inevitably present them with other needs and priorities. In Snyder's case it is clear that, in his view, he has transcended poetry. He has a large following for whom each new book is a form of communication not necessarily having to do with poetry. His prose book *Earth House Hold*, for example, is subtitled *Technical Notes & Queries to Fellow Dharma Revolutionaries*; the reaction of someone who does not put himself or herself in that category is presumably irrelevant to the author's concerns.

Of Robert Creeley, other things must be said. His *Collected Poems*, which runs to almost 700 pages, includes all his published poems from the years between 1945 and 1975. Creeley is not, as his publisher claims, a "major poet." Perhaps the categories "major" and "minor" are silly in any case. It has not been his ambition to address in a sustained manner the large human issues that are traditionally associated with major poetry. Instead, Creeley belongs among those deliberately minor poets like Thomas Campion, Christopher Smart, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Herrick and Philip Larkin—a distinguished company—whose excellence



Richard Tillinghast teaches at the University of Michigan and is the author of Our Flag Was Still There, *forthcoming from Wesleyan University Press.*

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lies in their exquisitely individual styles and their avoidance of the weighty, sometimes top-heavy themes of Milton, Shakespeare and Wordsworth.

If not a pioneer in free verse, Creeley is at least an innovator. His verse refines a way of writing more or less invented by William Carlos Williams, a way of breaking the voice over the poem's characteristically short, nervous lines. A typical Creeley poem is spare, minimalist, a skinny column of words on a white page; something important to the meaning plays out its drama offstage, as in some of Hemingway's stories. Like his contemporaries in the visual arts, Creeley has always been a man with a theory. The importance of breath in determining the length of a line, like Charles Olson's "composition by field" or Williams's "variable foot," is an idea that is more impressive the vaguer it remains. Theory put into practice makes more sense to the reader who brings a theoretical bent to the work than to the *homme moyen sensuel* whom I posit as both the usual and the ideal reader of poetry.

Creeley has become a guru to "language poets"—a term whose equivalent in other arts would be "dance choreographers" or "music composers" or "food chefs." Literary self-consciousness is as old as poetry itself; every poet is a "language poet." In much of Creeley's work, however, particularly after *For Love*, language itself is the exclusive focus, thereby positing an ideal reader who is a philosopher of language. Wittgenstein would have spent many happy hours with Creeley's poems. My own reactions I can sum up variously, depending on my mood, as: (1) this poetry deliberately avoids communication, for reasons of its own; (2) it is so abstruse that I lose interest; (3) it is simply over my head.

"The interplay between a complex mind and universal (therefore 'simple') emotions" is Denise Levertov's astute description of a central tension in Creeley's poetry. The frequent enjambments that give Williams's poetry some of its lustiness and verve become in Creeley the apt vehicles for expressing a sense of painful inhibition:

> Can I eat
> what you give me. I
> have not earned it. Must
> I think of everything
>
> as earned. Now love also
> becomes a reward so
> remote from me I have
> only made it with my mind.
>
> ("For Love")

But he will also be remembered for love poems whose wit, charm and masterly simplicity relate him to Blake and Dickinson and to English ballads and nursery rhymes:

> My love's manners in bed
> are not discussed by me,
> as mine by her
> I would not credit comment upon
> gracefully.
>
> ("The Way")

Creeley has not pulled any punches with his readers, and the titles of the collections following *For Love* tell a story: *Words*, which owns up to the reductiveness that "language poets" value in him; and *Pieces*, in which a real disintegration takes place. In the following excerpt from *Pieces*, for example, Creeley presents undigested material from the news under the impression that it will be as meaningful to the reader as it apparently is to him; then he comments on it with a simplistic logic and ends up sounding uncharacteristically pompous:

> Trying to get "our men
> back" and "our ship
> back"—"tactical
> nuclear weapons"—dig!
>
> Shee-it. The *world*,
> dad, is where you
> live unless you've for-
> gotten it . . .
>
> ("The Province")

Filed and forgotten.

But in Creeley's best poems several elements are set in motion. "Hart Crane," for instance, opens with a scene that engages our interest right away:

> He had been stuttering, by the edge
> of the street, one foot still
> on the sidewalk, and the other
> in the gutter . . .

The extreme enjambments suggest Crane's desperation, and he is next drawn out in a complex figure of speech:

> like a bird, say, wired to flight, the
> wings, pinned to their motion, stuffed.

The simile shows both an energetic impulse toward action and a constraint on that action—a common impasse in Creeley. Next, the "stuttering" mentioned in the first line of the poem reappears:

> The words, several, and for each,
> several
> senses.
> "It is very difficult to sum up
> briefly . . . "

Creeley has convincingly entered into the strained mental processes of Hart Crane in his extremity. Even if the logic of the poem is tangential and hard to

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follow, it is still presented within a human context that makes us want to keep up. The later work, unfortunately, is increasingly remote: Whatever vital affect impelled this highly cerebral, disaffected sensibility to ground itself in the things of this world has evaporated. His expression has declined from *Words* to *Pieces*. A dry, truculently casual investigation of language has become the center of his work.

If in Creeley an abstraction of language overwhelms and almost eliminates the world, in Snyder the stuff of the world—"content"—has always shone with a wonderful sense of earthiness and health. He has always had things to tell us, experiences to relate, a set of values to expound:

> Lay down these words
> Before your mind like rocks.
> placed solid, by hands
> In choice of place, set
> Before the body of the mind
> in space and time:
> Solidity of bark, leaf, or wall
> riprap of things.
>
> ("Riprap")

He has influenced a generation with this credo:

> As a poet, I hold the most archaic values on earth. They go back to the late Paleolithic: the fertility of the soil, the magic of animals, the power-vision in solitude, the terrifying initiation and rebirth; the love and ecstasy of the dance, the common work of the tribe. I try to hold both history and wilderness in mind, that my poems may approach the true measure of things and stand against the unbalance and ignorance of our times.
>
> ("Poetry and the Primitive")

Many of Snyder's works have an educational purpose, and as a spokesman for environmental causes, he has effectively challenged Auden's rather smarmy assertion that "poetry makes nothing happen." True, much of his rhetoric—"tribe," "the power-vision," etc.—sounds dated, but it would be a mistake to dismiss his contribution. As early as the 1950s, before ecology became a household word, Snyder understood things about our civilization and economy that no one else was talking about, and he wrote about them with great authority and a sinewy line:

> the ship burns with a furnace heart
> steam veins and copper nerves
> quivers and slightly twists and always
> goes—

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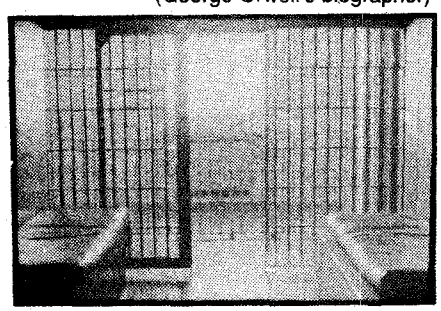

November

6

1945—HUAC begins an investigation of seven radio commentators. HUAC spokesperson: "The time has come to determine how far you can go with free speech."

1968—At an RMN victory party, advance man J. Roy Goodearle: "Why don't we get all the members of the press and beat them up? I'm tired of being nice to them."

1976—Disclosure of Operation Shamrock: since 1947, RCA Global, ITT World and Western Union International have made international telegraph traffic available to the NSA.

easy roll of the hull and deep
vibration of the turbine underfoot.

bearing what all these
crazed, hooked nations need:
steel plates and
long injections of pure oil.
("Oil")

Is it Snyder's fault that every commune from Taos west to Grass Valley and north to Vancouver used to have (and may still have) a look-alike, write-alike Gary Snyder clone? Still, what was prescient in the 1950s became the common wisdom of the 1960s, the cliché of the 1970s; now, with the publication of *Axe Handles*, it reads like a relic from a time that is almost hard to remember. Some of these new poems are corny:

I pledge allegiance.
I pledge allegiance to the soil
of Turtle Island [Snyder's name for America],
and to the beings who thereon dwell
one ecosystem
in diversity
under the sun
With joyful interpenetration for all.
("For All")

(Snyder probably enjoys that because it is so flat-out *bad*.) Others read like self-parodies:

I lie in the dusty and broke bush
Under the pickup
Already thought to be old—
Admiring its solidness, square lines,
Thinking a truck like this
would please Chairman Mao.
("Working on the '58 Willys Pickup")

The trouble is, Snyder is no longer writing poetry. These are mostly random notes, thoughts, jottings whose shorthand technique only makes it more obvious that nothing is happening:

Is this Palo Alto?
"No, Wisconsin."
so gentle—distant older woman's voice—
faint accent—Swede?
"Where are you?" "This is Wisconsin."
Area code was wrong.
what stream sipped from
together in another life, to touch base
ten seconds here in this?
("Under the Sign of Toki's")

The history of poetry is a story of recurrences, departures and returns. Given how little freshness remains in approaches that were exciting only recently, it is not surprising that young poets are returning eagerly to traditional forms. Yesterday's avant-garde has tired blood. ☐

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AT 8:25 EVITA BECAME IMMORTAL. *By Mario Szichman. Translated by Roberto Picciotto. Ediciones del Norte (P.O. Box A 130, Hanover, N.H. 03755). 288 pp. $7.50.*

THE LIZARD'S TAIL. *By Luisa Valenzuela. Translated by Gregory Rabassa. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 280 pp. $16.50.*

Considering the color, richness and stylistic virtuosity displayed in so much of their literature, Latin American writers must be particularly hard pressed to create new works that appear fresh and original. While many of our own writers are quite satisfied to tell a story well, the Latin Americans seem possessed by a demonic urge to dazzle. Hence their narratives are often excitingly, even exhaustingly restless—elliptical, fragmented, told from shifting perspectives, infused with high-spirited myth and fantasy, filled with streaks of wild humor. If one reads enough of this fiction one may begin to feel that the writer is concerned less with what he wants to say than with how he can say it differently from his incredibly inventive contemporaries.

Both of these Argentine novels, set during the Perón dictatorship, deal with subjects and themes we have come upon time and again in Latin American fiction. Yet the authors' indirect approach to their material, their sheer determination to avoid imitation, often succeeds in making it new. Initially, Mario Szichman's *At 8:25 Evita Became Immortal* looks like still another in the grand tradition of fantastic family chronicles, a somewhat abbreviated version of various novels by older, more established writers such as Donoso, García Márquez and Lezama Lima. But although the novel is populated by the odd, obsessive, comic characters we associate with such works, it possesses a nervous stylistic energy all its own. That the family it chronicles is Jewish adds to the book's uniqueness: except for Isaac Goldemberg's *The Fragmented Life of Don Jacobo Lerner*, it is the only Latin American novel in English I know of that deals directly with the Jewish experience.

Szichman doesn't set scenes so much as plunge into them, and he repeatedly shifts from one member of the Pechof family to another, with the result that the reader must struggle a bit to get his bearings and keep both chronology and family relationships in order. Beginning with a description of the tomb of Itzik Pechof, whose half-crazed last days are later described, Szichman moves back in time to the public event that serves as the genesis for his novel: the death in 1952 of Eva Perón, the legendary First Lady of Argentina who died of cancer at the age of 32 and whose passing was grossly, opportunistically used by President Juan Perón to enhance his power and more firmly establish his cult.

Szichman takes his title from the official news bulletin issued when Evita died: "At 8:25 o'clock, Señora Eva Perón, the spiritual chief of the nation, passed away into immortality." If the wording sounds more appropriate for a religious figure than for a president's

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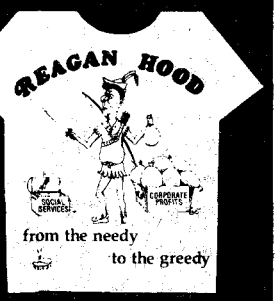

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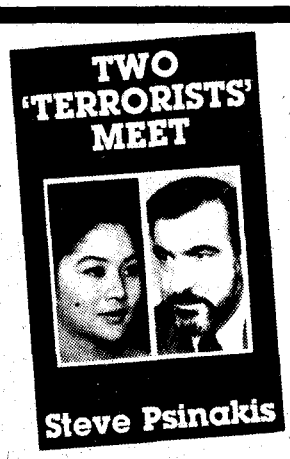

PHILIPPINES:

Opposition Leader NINOY AQUINO ASSASSINATED

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wife and former second-rate actress of dubious character, it is worth noting that soon after her death some of Evita's staunchest supporters, a group of labor leaders, actually petitioned the Vatican to declare her a saint, only to receive the disappointing news that "this takes years, and sometimes centuries."

Szichman beautifully captures the atmosphere of the city at the time, while also establishing the mythic direction of his narrative:

> The funeral of the lady put Buenos Aires into suspended animation. Past and future were linked by the deterioration of some buildings and the addition of a few new ones that never went beyond the stage of frames and scaffolds.
>
> Trolleys and streetcars went out of circulation. The pallor of vapor lamps replaced the yellow glow of street-lights. Cobble-stoned streets were paved over.
>
> From the moment she died, Buenos Aires became a night city.

Evita's death puts not only the city but also the Pechof clan in a state of "suspended animation": they have a family member to bury, yet cannot do so because the government, out of respect for Evita, has temporarily stopped issuing death certificates. The Pechofs are determined to find a doctor who will sign the death certificate, but they realize that this process would be far easier if they were members of the Catholic majority. The predicament condenses the life of the Pechof family and propels it "towards a future that in more placid times might not have flowered for decades."

Thus, they decide to rewrite their own history, to transform themselves from a family of Polish Jews, who have earned their living in Buenos Aires through various questionable and often downright disreputable means, to an aristocratic, respected Catholic family, a mythical clan known as the Gutiérrez Anselmi. Jaime Pechof, instigator of the gentile metamorphosis, actually goes so far as to hire a "manager" to guide him in the ways of the goy, and these elaborate instructional sessions in which teacher and pupil explore gentile manners and etiquette, character, dress, furnishings, traditions and tastes are among the most clever and hilarious in this very funny novel. Here Szichman gives us a kind of reverse, madcap version of *Gentlemen's Agreement*, with the Jew trying to assume the role of the gentile. At the same time he pokes fun at a variety of ethnic myths, especially the

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peculiarly Latin American myth of the great noble family and its heroic military history. Implied throughout is the uneasy position of the Jew in Argentina, a country that harbors Nazi fugitives and has a history of anti-Semitic violence yet whose capital contains the largest Jewish population of any Western city outside the United States. Although the novel suffers from diffuseness in its attempt to cover the complex Pechof past, its exploration of history as myth and myth as history is exceptionally imaginative. It underlines what V.S. Naipaul says about Argentina in his wonderfully suggestive and argumentative essay "The Return of Eva Perón"—that it is essentially a country steeped in myth, one whose history is so contradictory and debatable that "to write realistically about this society has peculiar difficulties; to render it accurately in fiction might be impossible."

In the same essay Naipaul speaks of the Argentines' love of mysticism and the supernatural, noting that "the country is full of witches and magicians and thaumaturges and mediums," and linking the black arts with the prevalent psychological blackness of the country itself—with the "peoples' fear of violence, their peasant cruelty, their belief in magic and their fascination with death, celebrated everyday in the newspaper with pictures of murdered people, often guerrilla victims, lying in their coffins." The government's exploitation of the mysticism of darkness and death is examined in Luisa Valenzuela's unusually—often infuriatingly—elaborate novel, *The Lizard's Tail.* Like Szichman's book, Valenzuela's at first appears to deal with an all-too-familiar subject in Latin American literature: the dictator and his ceaseless quest for power. But unlike García Márquez's *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, with its perpetual array of tall tales, its absurd, exaggerated scenes of unlimited power and its bittersweet sense of solitude and loneliness, Valenzuela's narrative is more of an outrageous, fragmented meditation on the mysticism of power. It is filled with a kind of campy occultism, like an odd, unlikely pairing of Huysman's *Là-bas* and a Maria Montez movie:

> The people dancing howling fornicating and chasing each other in the light of an enormous full moon that hung over their heads, when the frolic had reached its apex, he [Valenzuela's

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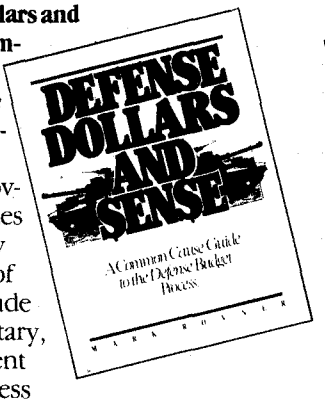

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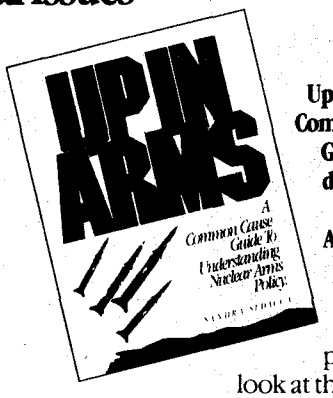

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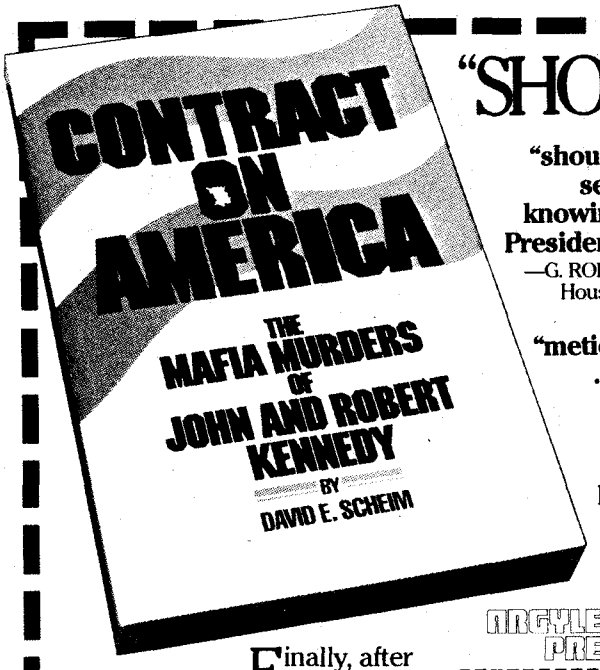

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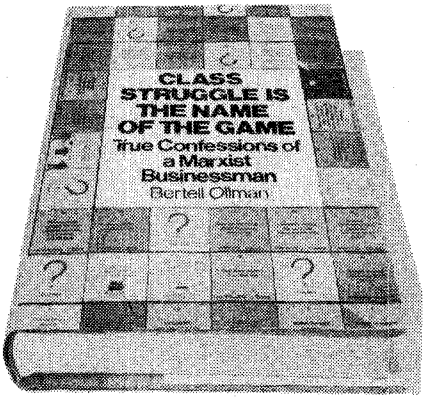

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protagonist, the Sorcerer] fell into a strange swoon. He sat rigid on this throne, unable to utter another word, and the ant mask slipped off his face, coming to rest ten yards below the feet of the bacchants.

The Sorcerer is modeled on José López Réga, who served Perón as minister of Social Welfare and private secretary during his last presidency and continued to serve Perón's widow (and third wife), Isabel, when she assumed the presidency after Juan's death, in 1974. Unfortunately, Valenzuela has set herself an impossible goal. López Réga was himself such a bizarre, unbalanced character that she is hard pressed to top his eccentricities. What she concentrates on, sometimes ad nauseam, is his interest in astrology and extravagant occult practices as a means of attaining supernatural dictatorial power—his attempt to become an intermediary between the Almighty and humanity. (The fullest treatment in English of López Réga's occult interests and writings appears in Joseph Page's recent and highly recommended biography, *Perón*, which also details how this innocuous, retired policeman rose to become one of the most powerful and feared men in the Perón government.)

While I admire Valenzuela's pyrotechnical skill, her strong imagery and her original attempt to render power as a mystical experience, her text often becomes so abstract and elliptical, her language so over-rich, that the satirical thrust of *The Lizard's Tail* gets lost in a welter of labored effects. Overkill does-in both López Réga and the novel. It also must be noted that without some background knowledge of the various Perón regimes, Evita's, Isabel's and especially López Réga's, the reader will miss the point of many of Valenzuela's allusions and symbolic fantasies.

In his Perón essay, Naipaul notes that the visitor to Argentina is often told to ignore various sides of Argentine life because they are not typical, not real, with the eventual result that "the whole country is talked away." I wonder. Although this may be true of the general populace, or at least of Naipaul's guides, many Argentine writers are hardly evasive. Here, for example, are two novels, one quite successful, the other less so, that do not talk the country away, but seek to reveal, however indirectly, some of its unpleasant and often frightening realities. □

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A Lab of One's Own

ANNA FELS

WOMEN IN SCIENCE: Portraits From a World in Transition. *By Vivian Gornick. Simon and Schuster. 172 pp. $15.95.*

A FEELING FOR THE ORGANISM: The Life and Work of Barbara McClintock. *By Evelyn Fox Keller. W.H. Freeman. 235 pp. $14.95.*

In her introduction, Vivian Gornick describes *Women in Science* as "a work of impressionistic journalism reflective of the way I received and interpreted a piece of experience." The strange teetering of this phrase, from the frank assertion of subjectivity at the beginning to the quasi-scientific language at the end, is characteristic of the book. The narrative swings back and forth between exuberant abstractions about Science and brief, telling portraits of women scientists which at times seem to belie the author's undaunted optimism.

Gornick has all the enthusiasm of a recent convert when it comes to theorizing about science—particularly about her interviewees. Having approached them expecting to find "their personalities subdued, their minds safely conservative," she is "amazed by the variety of their personalities, their experiences and their activity." Armed with this new realization, she sets out to debunk the stereotype of the sexless lady scientist trudging about in her oxfords. The cause is a worthy one, and the thirty-odd women she presents (they are referred to only by pseudonyms) do come across as articulate, powerful people. It is her own ruminations on science that often bring the reader up short.

Gornick's effort to construct a sympathetic picture of science centers on her simple equation of science and art. "I discovered," she writes, "how passionate an enterprise science is—how like artists scientists are." This is not a new idea, but Gornick's *Lust for Life* vision of scientists (and artists) moving from epiphany to thrilling epiphany rings false. When she dwells on what she calls the "eureka moments," her prose becomes nearly euphoric: "If you were initiated and understood the meaning of what you were looking at, you experienced a joy from which you never recovered"; "All genes, not only human ones, are made of DNA. More joy. Joy for a thousand years to come." Describing one moment of discovery, she rhapsodizes, "When Laura Levin realized the myosin in catch muscles is arrayed in a single layer, she felt both erotic and safe, existentially safe." No one would argue that such moments don't exist for scientists, but Gornick's emphasis on them leaves the reader blank about the nature of her subjects' daily scientific lives. One can't help agreeing with the mathematician who bitterly complained to her, "You are romanticizing science with these pretty tales you tell of the magical moments of discovery."

Likewise, it's hard to understand Gornick's optimistic conviction that "the social homogeneity of science has been altogether broken." Many of the women she interviewed tell harrowing stories of discrimination, and in a significant number of cases their careers are saved only at great personal cost. In one memorable example, a woman disguised her pregnancy for fear of being fired and returned to her lab two days after giving birth. To her credit, Gornick acknowledges that the question of whether one can balance a high-powered full-time career with a family is far from resolved. She has sought out scientists who are eloquent on both sides of the issue, and gives us sketches of lives in which it has been handled in a variety of ways.

But she fails to pursue some of the more interesting ramifications of that issue. One is left, for example, with the impression that the balancing of professional and personal life is exclusively a woman's concern. But domestic felicity hasn't always been an outstanding characteristic of the lives of male scientists, either—at least not at the highest levels of achievement. Perhaps obsession with scientific work doesn't lend itself to rich emotional involvements for either sex. Einstein described his two attempts at marriage as "disgraceful." His recent biographer Abraham Pais notes that Einstein's "deep emotional urge not to let anything interfere with his thinking dates back to his childhood and lends an unusual quality of detachment to his personal life."

Anna Fels, a physician at New York Hospital and a researcher at Rockefeller University, reviews books about medicine and science for The Nation.

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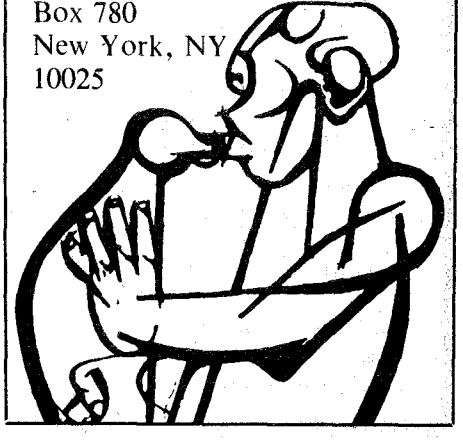

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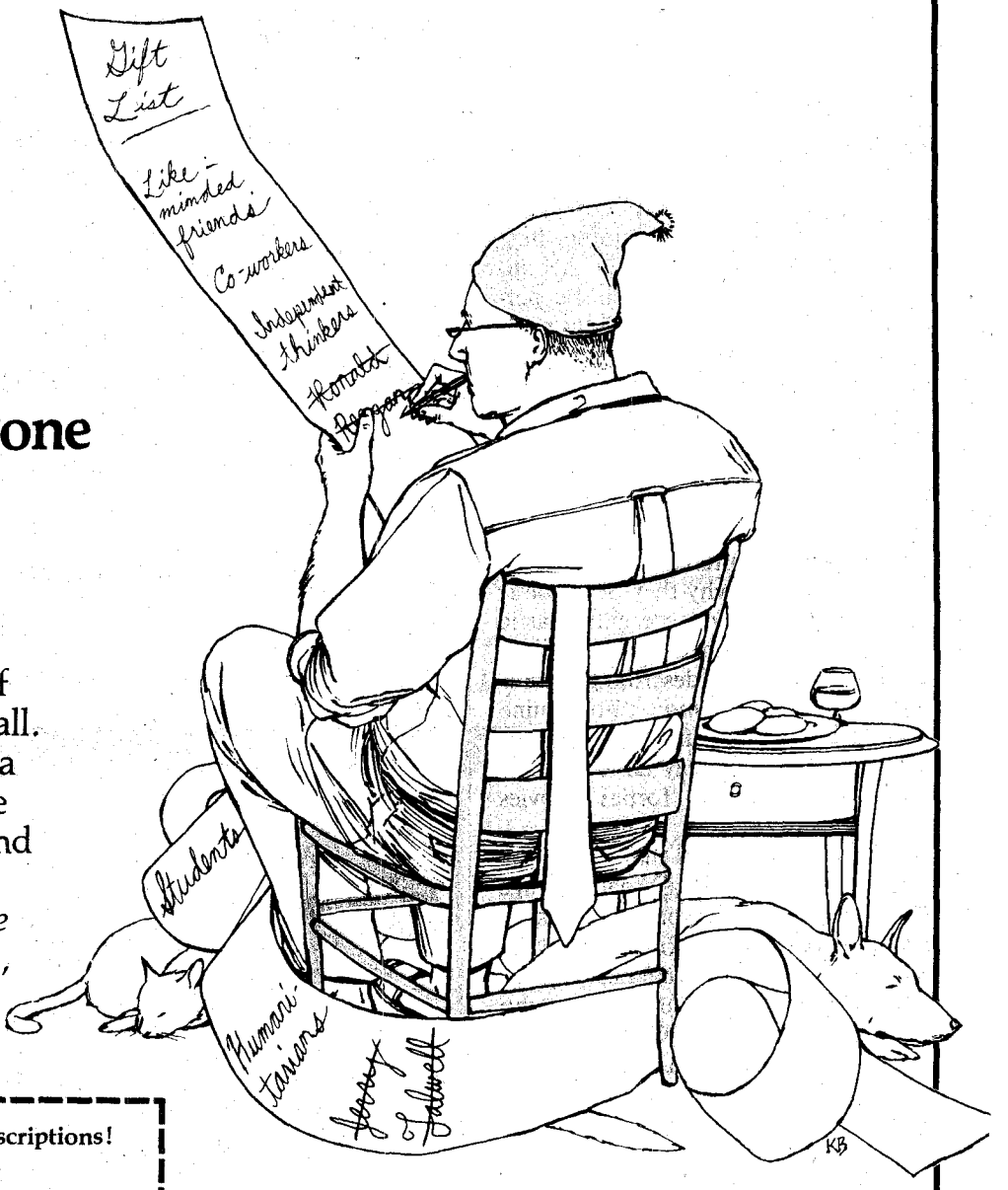

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Oddly enough, Gornick at times falls into the conventional trap of judging the quality of men's lives by their work while finding women's lives pitiful and narrow if they do not include rich personal relationships. (Consider how often women writers' book-jacket copy ends with a defensive tally of children, husbands and even pets.) Despite her insistence that women scientists be permitted as great a range of styles as men, Gornick is dismissive of those unmarried, older women scientists who devoted their lives to their work: "An overwhelming majority of the women scientists I spoke with who were between the ages of 65 and 85 conformed to the stereotype. . . . Caricatures of intellectual reserve and neutered sexuality, they would not discuss why they never married." She is clearly more enthusiastic about the well-rounded younger scientists, and her prose in describing them is straight out of *Cosmo*: "Forty-nine years old; strong-featured face; brooding eyes; a mass of sexy dark hair she tosses about like a forties movies vamp . . ."

Gornick's contention that women in science are demanding a broader range of intellectual and personal styles is an important one. But lurking behind her description is the new and equally tyrannizing stereotype of the woman who "has it all." One wishes Gornick would permit her women those unconventional, lopsided lives that men have always enjoyed with impunity.

A Feeling for the Organism, Evelyn Fox Keller's biography of the famous geneticist and 1983 Nobel laureate Barbara McClintock, is of particular interest in this regard because she is precisely the type of bluestocking that Gornick sees as a happily vanishing breed. McClintock's life has indeed been one of astonishing austerity and aloneness. There are moments in reading this book when one feels for the biographer of such an inward, taciturn woman. Yet despite the meager documentation, a vivid picture emerges of both McClintock's character and the intellectual life of a scientist of her caliber.

One has become accustomed to stories of women whose budding talents are discouraged or ignored, but Keller's account of McClintock in midcareer is nonetheless startling. President of the Genetics Society of America, the third woman to become a member of the National Academy of Science, internationally known for her work, McClin-

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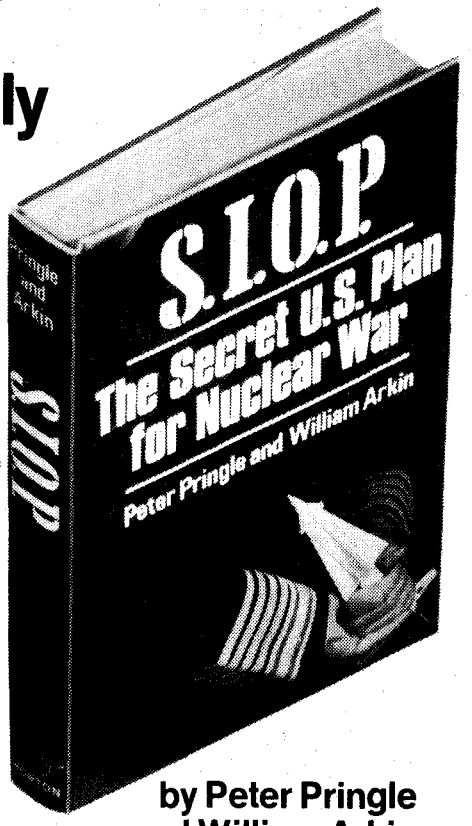

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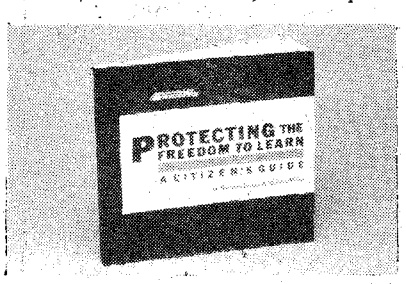

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Special Issue Wins Award

On October 24, *The Nation* won an Olive Branch Award for its special issue, "The New Arms Technology—And What It Means." The award was presented by The Editors' Organizing Committee and The Writers' and Publishers' Alliance for Disarmament. Honored for its "outstanding coverage of the nuclear arms issue," "The New Arms Technology" examines recent advances in conventional and nuclear weapons technology and their impact on arms control efforts. *The Nation* would like to thank the sponsors of the award for their recognition.

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tock was unable to obtain a conventional academic position anywhere in the United States and spent most of her productive life in relative scientific isolation. McClintock tells her biographer a "funny story" about a colleague who described her as "just an old bag who'd been hanging around Cold Spring Harbor [Laboratory] for years." The breadth and implications of McClintock's work are only now being fully appreciated, and one can't help feeling that all the attention this 81-year-old woman is receiving is much too little and much too late.

What's striking is the sense one gets of McClintock's sustained feeling for the plants she has spent her life working with and the pre-logical, visual quality of her scientific imagination. Other scientists have tried to describe this unconscious process, but McClintock conveys it with unusual clarity. In one lovely passage a colleague remarks: "I've often marvelled that you can look at a cell under the microscope and see so much!" McClintock replies, "Well, you know, when I look at a cell, I get down in that cell and look around." It was that sort of powerful concentration that permitted her to sort out in five days the chromosomal structure of the Neurospora mold—a task that had thwarted all prior investigators. In describing McClintock's method, Keller aptly quotes Ralph Waldo Emerson's mystical claim, "I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all." McClintock's description of this experience echoes his: "I am not there," she says simply.

This idea of a "state of subjective fusion with the object of knowledge" that Keller describes (undoubtedly a distant cousin of Gornick's "eureka moments") is tantalizing. One would like to know more about McClintock's lifelong fascination with Tibetan Buddhism—and whether she herself is religious. Evidently, that is an area of her life that she didn't wish to share with her biographer.

Yet even without the intimate details one has come to expect in biographies, the life of this unusual woman emerges clearly. It is a life of limited focus but unexpected depth. In some ways it reminds one of the plants McClintock so acutely observed and described: "In the summer time, when you walk down the road, you'll see that the tulip leaves, if it's a little warm, turn themselves around so their backs are towards the sun . . . within the re-

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stricted areas in which they live, they move around a great deal. [These organisms] are fantastically beyond our wildest expectations." □

The ABC of Emerson

PAUL BERMAN

ESSAYS AND LECTURES: Ralph Waldo Emerson. *Edited by Joel Porte. The Library of America. 1,321 pp. $25.*

The Library of America has resurrected quite a few obscure classics by now, Washington Irving's satires and Francis Parkman's histories, for instance; and among those marvelous obscurities should probably be reckoned the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson. How many people have actually read Emerson, after all? I've been after my friends for years, and not one of them has gone beyond a single essay. They've heard of him, but they can't read him. They curl up with a book, they open the pages, and God knows what happens next.

Americans have lost the ability to make sense of Emerson—that's the reality. They need a helping hand, so I offer the following six bits of advice:

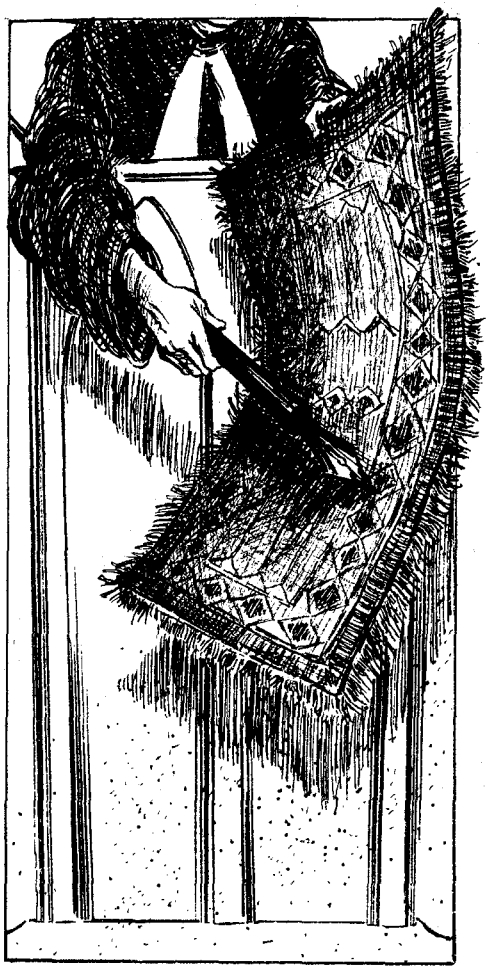
1) You must read Emerson in a soft chair because it takes concentration and at least an hour at a stretch to do him justice. But in your mind's eye, forget about the soft chair. Picture instead a pew in a bare Unitarian church somewhere in the nineteenth century. The hard wood bench will keep you alert, and the cold New England draft will put you in a theological frame of mind.

2) The minister arrives, and yes, he's daft. He has access to regions of the mind other people have never even heard of. Those remote regions have told him the Neoplatonists are right. The world is a symbol. The reality we see in front of us is merely the back of the carpet for a different, truer reality, which is the realm of spirit. Emerson appears to believe this literally. He views rocks, oceans and trees as symbols of morality. Physics is ethics.

And with that theory in mind, he unfurls the most astounding series of images you've ever read. That line about the back of the carpet, for instance, is his. Metaphors come easily to a man who honestly believes the world is a metaphor. The result is an amazing clarity in his writing. Reading a description by Emerson is like looking through a freshly polished window.

3) Emerson's true genre is the sermon, which takes a moment to get accustomed to. Sermons are meant to be delivered in a mellifluous but loud voice, at a pace slow enough for the words to bounce around the rafters. Read Emerson any quicker and he won't make sense. Expect him to speak in an intimate voice, the way we usually expect writers to do, and you'll be disappointed. He's way up there in the pulpit; you're in a pew; a quiet conversational tone is not what's called for.

Sermons are, of all literary forms, the most tolerant of readers' little foibles. Good preachers have always known that congregants now and then drift into direct communion with God and start to snore. And this is O.K. With Emerson, as with any proper sermonizer, five minutes later you can tune back in and the sermon will still be droning truths. Tune-outs of two or



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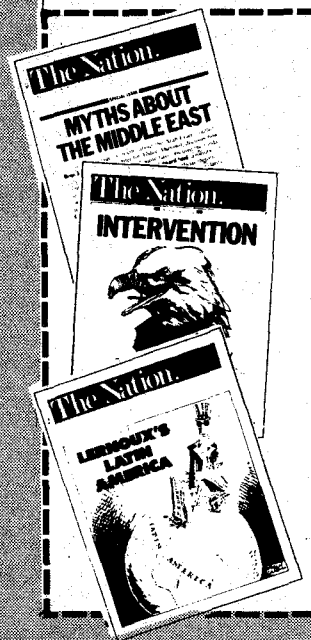

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three pages at a time are perfectly acceptable. There's no plot in an Emerson essay, there's not even a rational development, so you won't lose the thread of the argument. There is no thread. Just sit quietly doing your best to pay attention, and remember that an hour later you can get up and go.

4) It's sometimes said that Emerson lacked "historical entanglements," that his eye was too much on eternity. This isn't fair. Eternity does creep across his pages, but as often as not for the purpose of undermining some institution of the present, especially Emerson's own institution, the church. He was hard on the institutions of commerce, too. It was Emerson who wrote, "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind." All in all, he was a radical—in fact, more radical than the radicals. He thought the socialists didn't go far enough; he dreamed of every man his own utopia. People like this are a disaster in politics, but Emerson was in literature; and anyway there's a place for prophecy in politics, too.

Read his lecture "Emancipation in the West Indies," where he describes how a single moral person can change the direction of society, and it's hard not to think of "historical entanglements" in the present, namely the anti-nuclear movement. The Library of America volume unfortunately doesn't include this lecture or any of Emerson's other abolitionist pieces. You'll have to look it up in the Modern Library edition.

5) Emerson is one of those writers who starts at the top of his form, and runs downhill ever after. Commence, therefore, with his first book, *Nature*, which comes at the beginning of all the anthologies. Skip the batch of lesser lectures that follow and go straight to *Essays: First Series* and *Essays: Second Series*, which are his next books. The Library of America edition includes these, plus *The Conduct of Life*, *English Traits* and *Representative Men*, which are very nice, plus random bits from *The Dial* magazine. There are a bunch of book reviews which are just padding and shouldn't have been reprinted at all. Actually, I'm not sure the Library of America edition is the best you can find. That Modern Library volume is reasonably handsome for a cheap book, and a little more accessible because of the introduction and notes. The Viking Portable is good, too. But of course nothing is more beautiful to the eye and hand than a Library of America book.

6) How do you know when you've fully appreciated Emerson? With some writers it's easy to tell. With Thoreau, for instance, it's when the I.R.S. pounds at the door. In Emerson's case, it's when the book slips off your lap and you feel thoroughly exhausted. The brain is numb—and ecstatic. You can get drunk reading Emerson, Proust said, and drunkenness is indeed the sign of appreciation. □

FILMS.

KATHA POLLITT

Under Fire

It's been a long time since Hollywood gave us a war we could really root for. The Nazis were the last of the big black hats—maybe that's why we're still getting movies set during World War II. With anything more recent, it's been a steady diet of "War Is Hell" and "There's Much To Be Said on Both Sides" and "What Are We Doing Over There, Anyway?" Norman Podhoretz would doubtless see this as a failure of national will, but I'd call it box-office realism: the kind of wars we get involved in these days just aren't anything to cheer about.

Roger Spottiswoode's *Under Fire* is a lush, romantic, suspenseful film about three American journalists in Nicaragua during the last days of the Somoza regime. It has a love story, a moral dilemma and gorgeous cinematography, but what makes it stirring is the very aspect that has made some reviewers nervous—it sides with the Sandinists heart and soul, satisfying our wish to see Good and Evil blasting away at each other. The Sandinists are young and cute (I swear one luscious guerrillette was wearing Calvin Klein fatigues) or middle-aged and poetically rumpled. They are relaxed, friendly, serious; they kill no one unnecessarily or hastily or by mistake, and have the universal support of the civilian population. The Somocistas, by contrast, are trigger-happy thugs. Somoza himself (well played by René Enriquez, the fretful Lieutenant Calletano of *Hill Street Blues*) is greedy, crazy and as oily as a rhumba instructor at Arthur Murray's. No wonder that the sleepy Saturday afternoon audience I was with broke into wild applause when the Sandinists finally entered Managua in triumph. So did I. It was the most politically and emotionally unambiguous scene in a Hollywood war movie since

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all those French people sang the "Marseillaise" in *Casablanca*.

Like *Casablanca*, *Under Fire* charts its hero's progress from political alienation to commitment. Impassive Nick Nolte plays Russell Price, a photojournalist famed for his macho daring: we meet him first in Chad, coolly taking pictures in the midst of an aerial bombardment. On to Nicaragua, "a nice little war with a great hotel," in the words of another journalist, where he hooks up with Claire (Joanna Cassidy, of TV's *Buffalo Bill*), a freelance radio correspondent, and her soon-to-be ex-lover Alex (Gene Hackman), a magazine bureau chief. Spottiswoode gives us a nice wormwoody portrait of the American press abroad, hanging out at luxury hotels and trading tips on the local beers—professional tourists, jaded and bored, who know little about the struggles they witness and care less. "I don't take sides, I take pictures," says Russell to his Nicaraguan cellmate when he is jailed briefly for taking some inconvenient ones. Maybe that would have a clipped and Hemingwayesque ring in the back room at Costello's; in a dictator's filthy jail to a priest who's just had his kidneys stomped, it sounds both posturing and naïve. Where does this nice American boy think he is?

Russell sets out with Claire across war-torn Nicaragua to track down the elusive Sandinist leader Rafael, and make himself even more famous by taking his picture. Rafael is dead, though, and here comes the moral dilemma: Will Russell fake the photo in order to dissuade America from sending a huge arms shipment to the Somocistas? A lot of critical ink has been spilled on the implications of Russell's decision for journalistic ethics, but not to be cynical, journalistic ethics are to ethics as Velveeta is to cheese. Of course he should fake the picture—and that is just what he does.

Despite a script in which brash one-liners alternate with clinkers ("I'd do it again" is Russell's last line—thump), *Under Fire* displays unusual intelligence. It rings interesting changes, for instance, on the notion of photographic objectivity. For it is not Russell's consciously falsified picture that brings about unintendedly dire results, as some critics have implied; it's his real pictures, the ones he shoots offhandedly, without thinking for a minute that they might fall into the wrong hands. That ironic twist skewers Alex's defense of journalistic noninvolvement. As all the Nicaraguans understand, American reporters are inevitably part of an America-financed war—they're just too dumb or privileged or blinkered to see it.

Some leftists—and maybe some Nicaraguans—may be offended that the movie makes Russell's actions important to the Sandinist victory, as though Latin Americans need a big blond hunk of U.S. Prime beefcake to save them from themselves. Well, that's Hollywood, I suppose, but actually the movie's politics are a good deal shrewder than that. There's that $25 million in arms, of course, and the journalists building their careers by the swimming pool. There's also Jean-Louis Trintignant as a (very civilized) spy, and Somoza's P.R. man, a Madison Avenue smoothie (nicely played by Richard Masur), and Russell's pal Oates (wonderful Ed Harris). Oates is a mercenary who turns up in the oddest places. At first he seems just a character, a beer-drinking roister doister out of Tom Wolfe; by the end we know he's a sociopath. "See you in Thailand" is his last line, and it's a fitting end to this surprisingly astute movie—so astute, in fact, that it's a mystery to me how it ever got made. □

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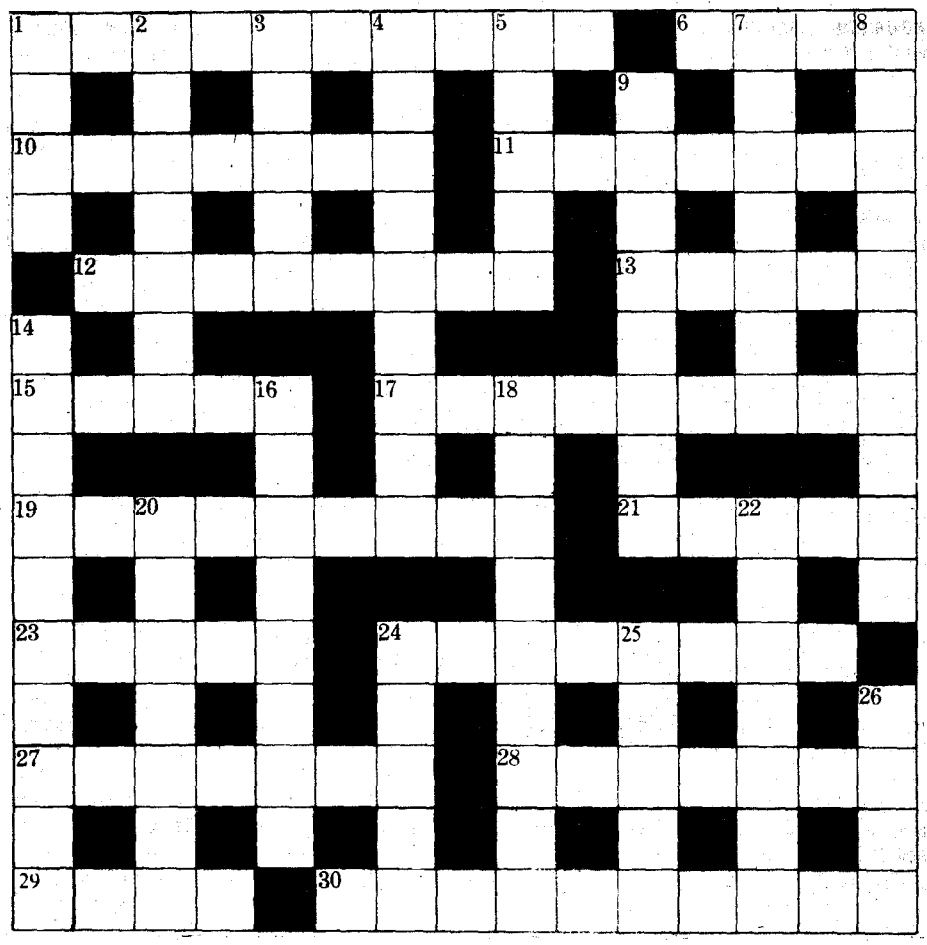

ACROSS

1 Where bands sometimes go? Their attitude certainly wouldn't be cavalier! (10)
6 How Shakespeare's "dream" production starts—among this. (4)
10 and 27 across Do such runners seek to achieve the pinnacle, though not in the 5? (14)
11 Concerning the pains caused by stretches? (7)
12 and 5 down Not a Louisville bowler, but quite a few hope to 24 across on the track of it. (8,5)
13 The French can and the Romans could easily understand it! (5)
15 Parasites have large numbers. (5)
17 Cross breed? (A 5 winner would not necessarily do well in it.) (5,4)
19 Certainly not cultivated game—duck here, possibly. (3,6)
21 How deck-hands are laid out? (5)
23 A famous orator ran by here with some difficulty. (5)
24 and 28 They may pay, but not the rest. (Earn a position, and reveal its composition!) (3,5,3,4)
27 See 10
28 See 24 across
29 The result of washing things down—with beer? (4)
30 Novel, possibly, but suggests a first-class liquor cache. (4,6)

DOWN

1 A sign of quiet bars for the remainder? (4)
2 Thrifty consumers might, but it's of no practical good. (7)
3 Drank too much up? (There's usually a line connected with it.) (5)
4 Took advantage of the right to be as 12-5 entrants are conditioned to be. (9)
5 See 12 across
7 Did he resist being a familiar family figure around 5, perhaps. (7)
8 Thoroughly cleans up the facts inside without a mess. (10)
9 Not a perfect padre around the non-cleric, as one reinvested anything gained at the 5, for example. (8)
14 Line-crossing turtles. (10)
16 What the bell did in a form of 1 down, which is even more peculiar! (8)
18 The sort we initial? (Get prepared for a surprise!) (3,2,4)
20 Surprised by those who 18? (7)
22 Everything about the cohort's head is likely to stagger one. (7)
24 A stew prepared with unwanted leftovers? (5)
25 Used to serve as a young man with the French. (5)
26 Were placed in stir, or the jug. (4)

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